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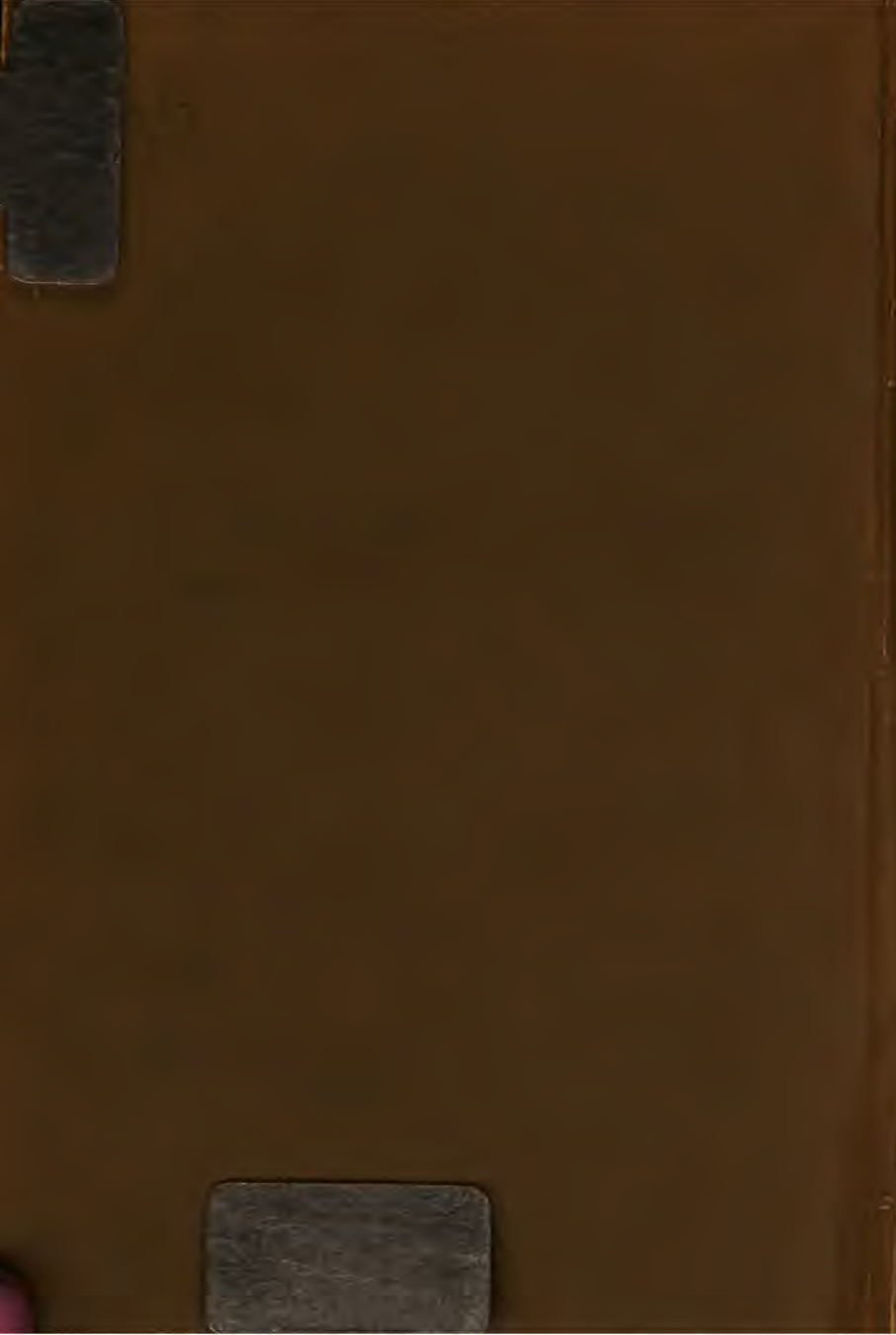
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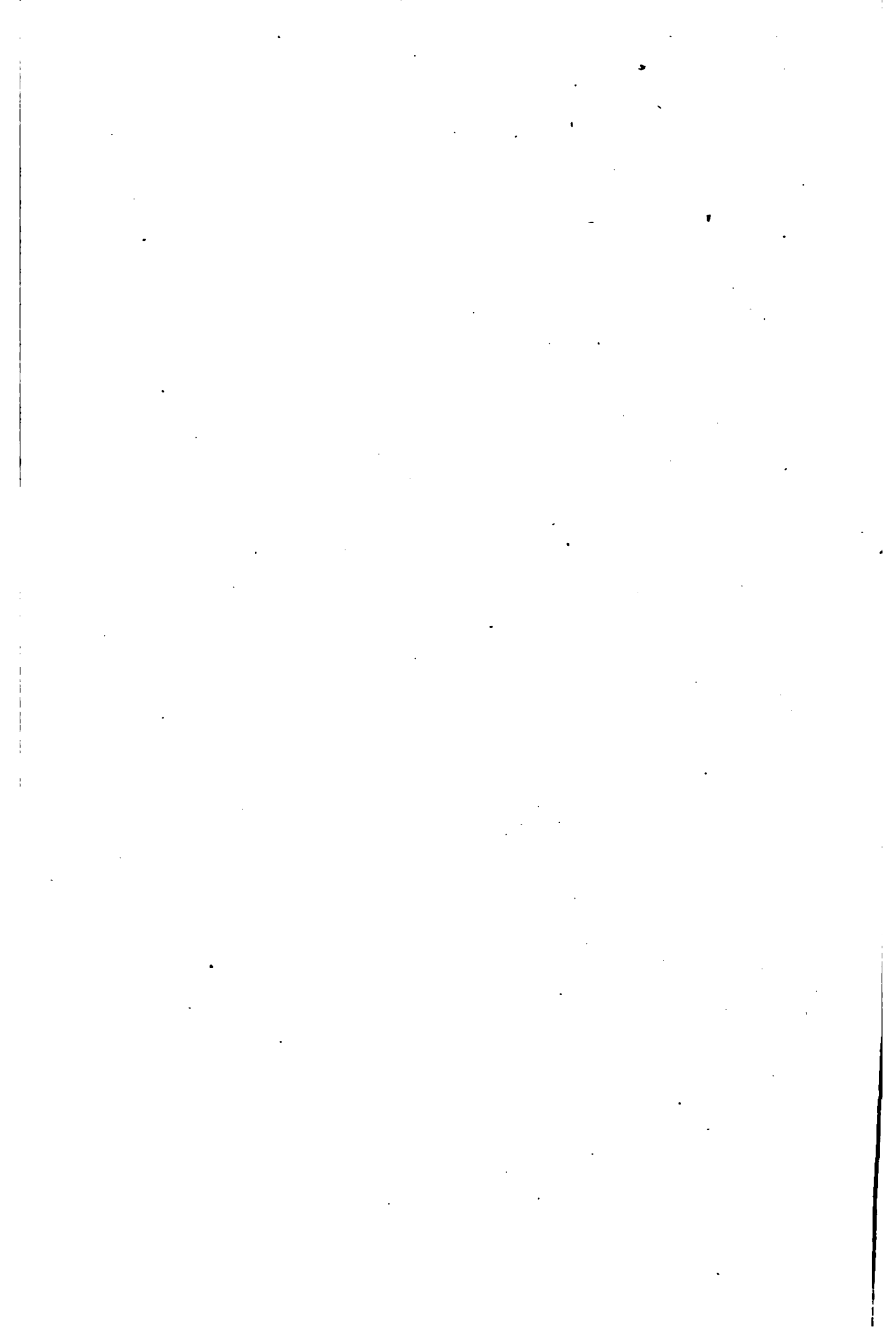
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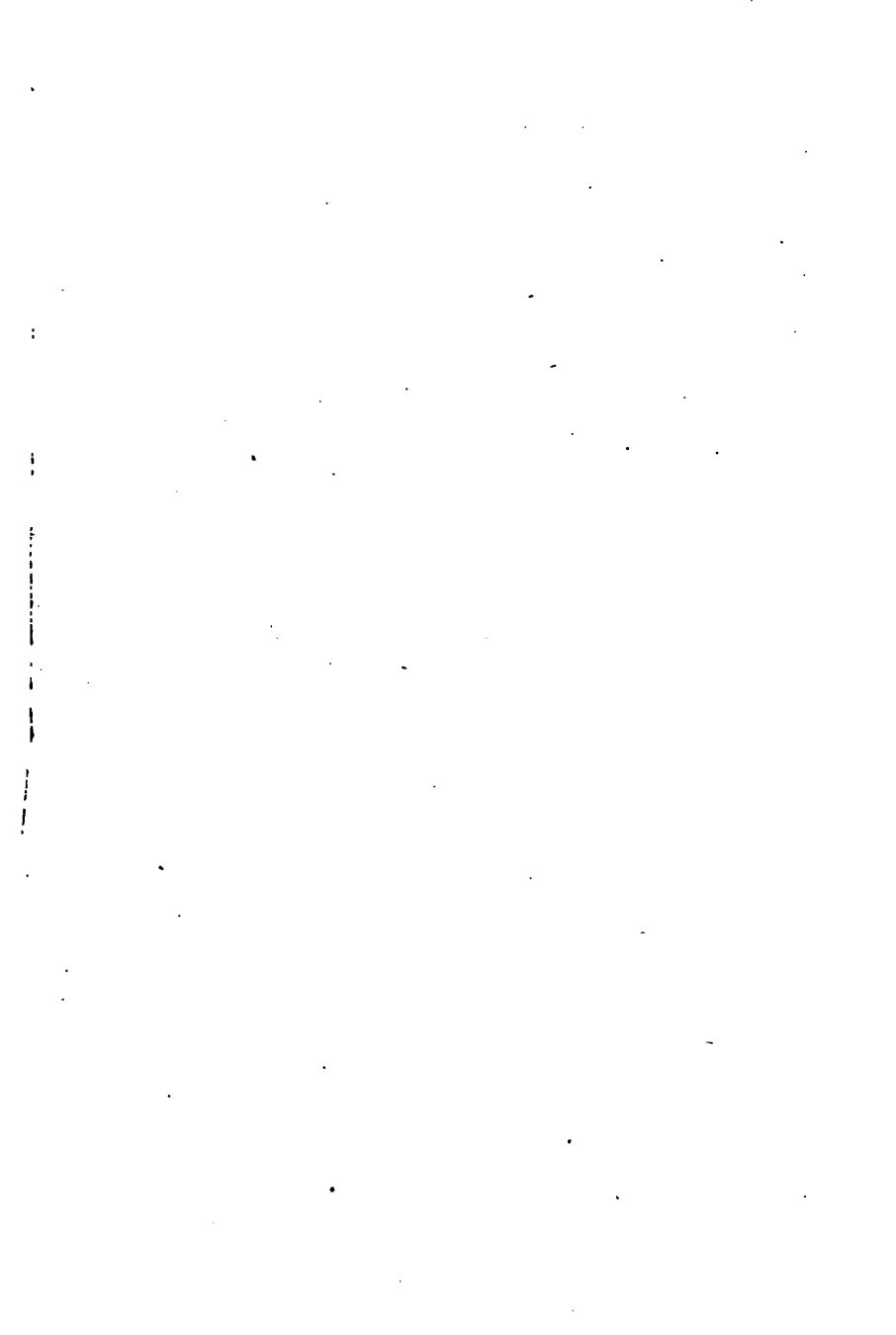
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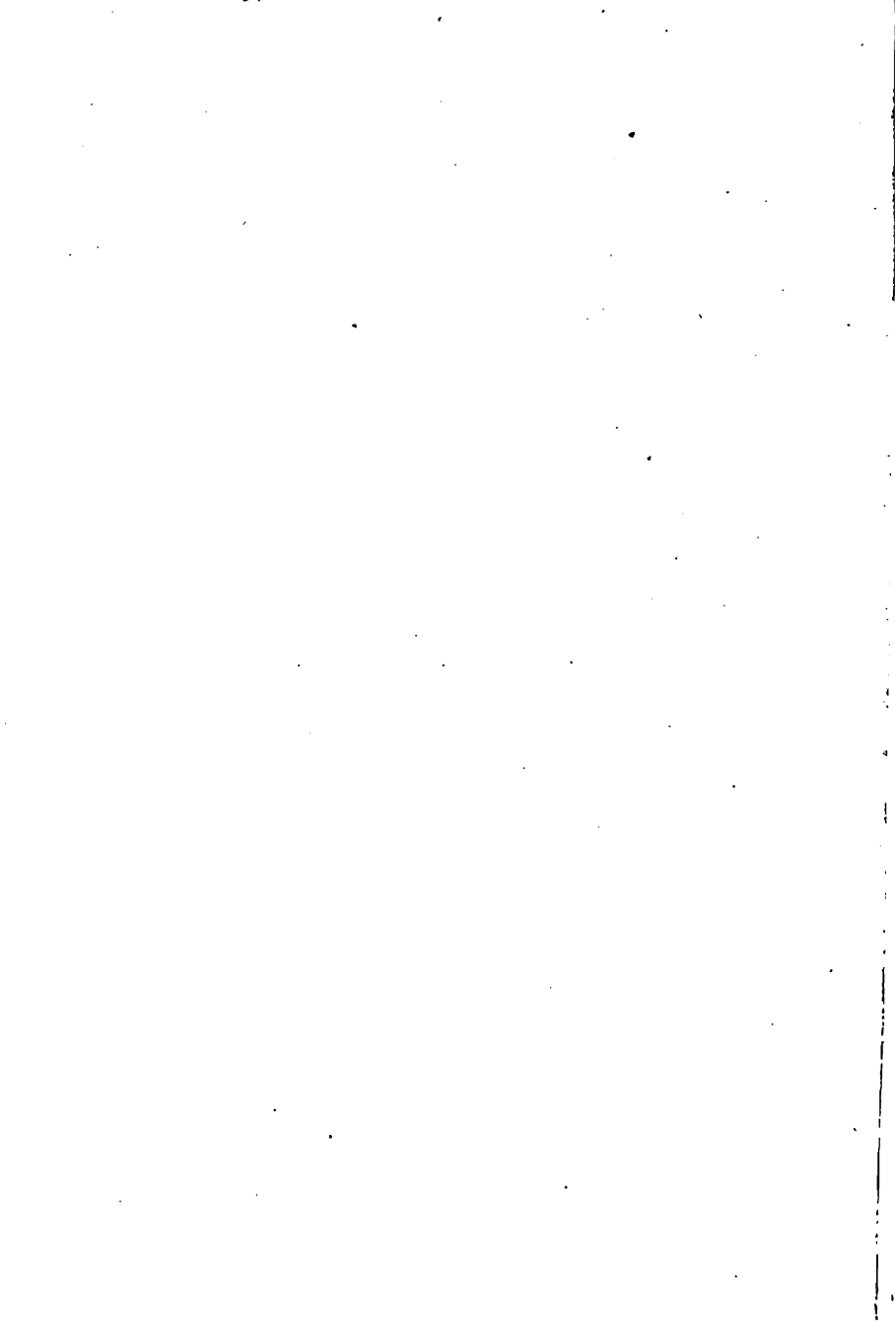


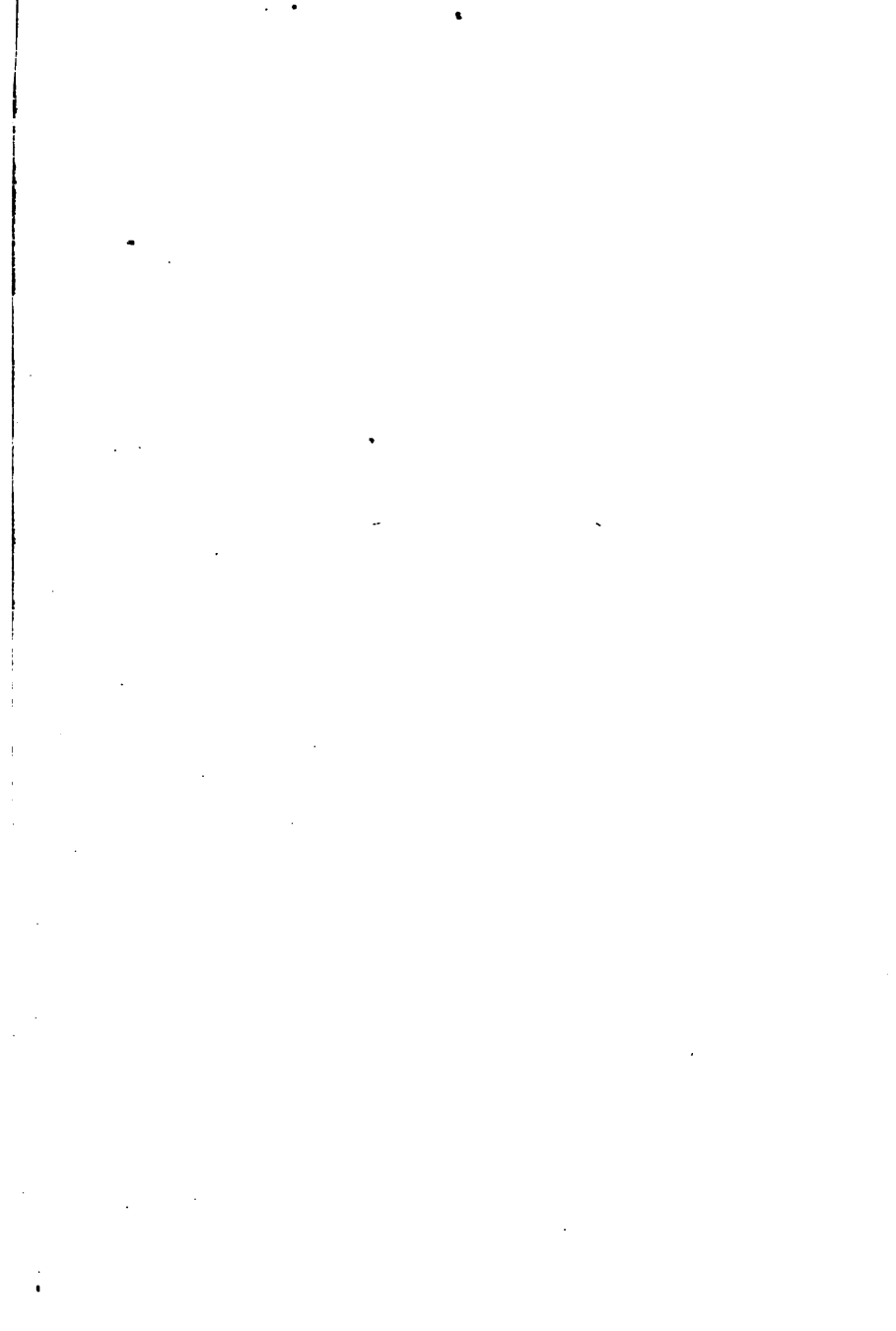
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A NEW BOOK,  
UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME, AND BY THE  
SAME AUTHOR.

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# STOLEN WATERS.

*A Nobel in Verse.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BROKEN DREAMS."

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# BROKEN DREAMS.

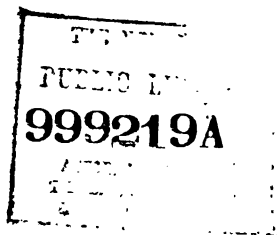
BY  
CELIA E. GARDNER,  
Author of "STOLEN WATERS."

"'Tis not so much a broken *heart*  
you have to mourn, as a broken *dream*!"  
IR. MARVEL.



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## DEDICATION.

---

*To those who linger 'round the hearth of home!  
My father, mother, sisters, friend, and ONE  
Who, while these scenes I've faintly pencilled here,  
Has left the all of earth he held most dear,  
And gone in triumph upward, to his God.*

TO THESE,

*And all my sex whose feet have trod  
The shadowed paths of sorrow, and have seen  
Their brightest fancies merge in "broken dreams,"*

I Dedicate

*This work of leisure hours,  
This fragile garland formed of Hope's crushed flowers.*

1872.

C. E. G.



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## BROKEN DREAMS.



### BOOK FIRST.



"A beauty gay  
And pure as apple-blooms, which show  
Outside a blush, and inside snow."



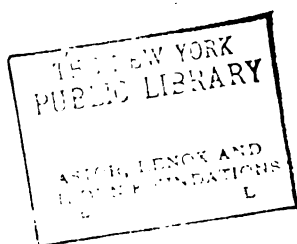
"Standing with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood meet."

LONGFELLOW.













# BROKEN DREAMS.

---

"'Tis not so much a broken *heart* you have  
to mourn, as a broken *dream*!"

IR. MARVEL.

---

Book First.

---

EVE's curtains fell in starry loveliness !  
The sunset hues had faded in the west,  
And moonlit darkness, shrouding vale and mount,  
In radiance pale wrapped lawn, and shrub, and fount.  
The fragrance which in garden borders slept,  
Within a cool, white-drap'ried chamber swept,  
And kissed, with loving touch, the cheek of one  
Low-bending there—a maiden, fair and young!

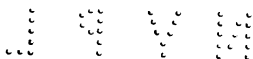
Beside the open casement, low and broad,  
She knelt and mused—a maiden's happy thoughts,  
With care unclouded, innocent and sweet,  
Rose-tinted, pure, and fresh !

Her dainty feet

To-day had stepped on one more round of time !  
The silver bells, which rang the morning chimes,  
Rang in her eighteenth birthday !—while she gazed  
On entered womanhood with glad amaze.

What fairy dreams of future bliss she dreamed !  
What new, broad founts of joy before her seemed !  
How bright the world that day should usher in !  
She gave no thought to future woe and sin.  
Alas ! that one so innocent and fair,  
Should find, with woman's impotent despair,  
But "broken dreams," and hopes all empty air !

Life opened bright before her baby eyes ;  
She saw and welcomed it with shy surprise ;  
Guileless and swift her lovely childhood passed,  
Sheltered in loving arms from all rough blasts ;  
And youth was but a brief and happy dream—  
To-day finds her a woman !—sweet eighteen !



The day has passed ! at eve she kneels alone,  
Beside the open casement in her room.  
Around her fleecy folds of snowy white  
Sweep, gently swayed by evening breezes light ;  
By ribbons of pale lavender confined,  
Her soft, dark hair floats in the summer wind ;  
Her rounded arm rests on the broad, low seat,  
And pressed against it is her peach-bloom cheek.  
The face is childish yet, but 'neath that brow  
Lie powers of thought and purpose, even now ;  
The mouth, though sweet and rosy, firm withal ;  
And when it smiles, holds all in pleasant thrall.  
Eyes, purple violets, wet with morning dew ! —  
Those violet eyes, so rare, so sweet, so true !  
When first the dainty fringes parted wide,  
“ My Pansy, sweet ! ” the fond young mother cried.  
No name so suited to the soft-eyed babe,  
None to the pretty child, the lovely maid :  
They called her “ Pansy,” without more ado ;  
Their precious “ Heart’s-ease,” Pansy sweet and true.

Her parents’ first-born, pride, and pet was she :  
Earth’s richest mines, or depths of pulsing sea,

Could nothing yield so precious, priceless, rare :  
Naught to be guarded with such jealous care,  
As was this child, this Heav'n-intrusted gift !  
No cloud so heavy but her smile could lift,  
No grief so deep her voice could not dispel,  
But while they wept, yet murmured " it is well ! "

With disposition sunny, sweet, and gay,  
A laugh that chased all gloom and tears away,  
Were blended self-reliance, strength, and will ;  
And though with grace all small points yielding, still,  
When larger issues were at stake, she stood  
Immovable, whate'er opposed. The good  
A champion ever found in her ; the bad,  
What strong and ready sympathies she had.

Her nature yet had found no scope to show  
How sweet and sound its depths. Life had been so  
Serene, untroubled, heaped with summer flowers,  
So sheltered, free from blighting care, her powers  
Of stern endurance undeveloped lay,  
Awaiting life's dark days, which into play  
Should bring her nature's hidden sources, show  
How grand and strong the depths concealed below

Those witching smiles, that happy, girlish face,  
Those laughing, lovely eyes, wherein no trace  
Of sadness ever seemed to linger. Oh!  
Woman's sad heritage of bitter woe,  
Of disappointment, pain, and sharp regret  
Had passed her by. She little knew, as yet,  
Of life's stern trials.

Pretty child, thank God  
For happy youth and childhood ! for the broad,  
Sunshiny way thy *youthful* feet have trod !  
The Hand that's showered blessings on thy path,  
In store for thee some bitter trials hath.  
Thy *woman's* feet a way must oftentimes tread,  
Where thorns lie thickly strewn, while overhead  
Dark, gloomy clouds droop low. But keep undimmed  
Thine eye of faith, thy steady trust in Him  
Who sends both cross and crown ; keep pure and bright  
Thy woman's truth and honor, and the night  
Shall merge in dawn of roseate splendor, day  
From which all clouds and gloom have flown away.

Although of nature high and broad and deep,  
Of temper amiable and kind and sweet,



I would not one should deem I mean to paint  
A creature all perfection, without taint  
Of fault or blemish.

I've no love, I own,  
For faultless characters! To One alone,  
Perfection doth pertain. And though I've known  
Large share of men and women, high and low,  
With natures broad and narrow, sharp and slow,  
Known many worthy of profound respect,  
With high and noble qualities, I yet  
Have never seen e'en *one* without defect  
Or flaw in character:—one with regret  
For nothing past, no word or deed of wrong—  
None but proved weakest where they seemed most strong.

If there *are* perfect natures, such as we  
Oft read about, 'tis very strange to me  
I never yet e'en one have chanced to see!  
Nor would I have it thus! We could not give  
To God the reverence due, if while we live,  
We in all others did not fail to find  
The good the Trinity alone combine.

Let God be God, and human creature human!  
Let man be man, and woman truly woman!

I aim to paint from Nature ; thus cannot  
A heroine give to you without a spot.  
I give a woman, spirited as mild,  
As passionate as pure. Present a child,  
A little wilful, just a trifle spoiled,  
As only daughters often are ! and wild,  
Some people called her. True it is, her laugh  
Rang ever clearest, sweetest ; yet not half  
Complete without her any gath'ring seemed,  
And hearts, unrul'd by envy, owned her queen.

One playmate of her childhood God had given,  
A brother dear, at this time just eleven.  
A high-strung, wilful, handsome, black-eyed boy,  
At once his sister's torment, pride, and joy.  
A child that *should* been ruled with strict, firm hand,  
One who could not the least indulgence stand,  
But who, if given an inch, would take an ell,  
And always fought for his own wayward will.  
Instead, if sometimes he was made to bend  
His stubborn will to others, oft the end  
Of conflict sharp left him victorious,  
And future curbing more laborious.

A wish one time denied, when next expressed,  
His foolish parents granted his request.  
At one time punishment severe was given,  
For acts which next time no rebuke would win.  
His sister loved him dearly ; petted, praised,  
Caressed, led, guided, and in many ways  
Controlled, by force of stronger will than his,  
Desire and act.

So true it ever is,  
The strongest always rules, though strength be sheathed  
Persuasion, gentleness, and love beneath.  
In truth, his sister ruled the house ! her word  
Was law immutable whenever heard.  
But ruling did not spoil her : not alone  
For selfish ends she used the pow'r she owned.

Their mother, young when Pansy was eighteen,  
A woman handsome as is often seen—  
With slender, almost girlish form, and mien  
If haughty, graceful and attractive too,  
Soft, heavy hair of darkest midnight hue,  
Fine, clear-cut, haughty features, large, dark eyes,  
Brilliant as Winter's starry midnight skies,

And mind that, cast in Nature's fairest mould,  
To her open'd riches, treasures all untold—  
Had several years been slowly losing ground  
In health and strength; as every Spring rolled round,  
Still more the invalid herself she found;  
Till now, a weary prisoner she'd become,  
Confined within the limits of her room,  
And suffering untold hours of racking pain.  
The change so gradual was, so slowly came,  
It startled less; and only looking back  
To what she was, her daughter traced the track  
Of cruel, sharp, insidious disease,  
Which ever such sad, fearful ravage leaves.  
Sweet Pansy ministered with loving care,  
With sunny smiles, fond words, and cheerful air,  
To all the fretful invalid's caprice,  
Although her efforts often failed to please.

Her father, a refined, well-read, proud man,  
Fond of his home, his friends, his wealth, and land,  
Worshipped his lovely daughter, first-born child,  
And found his sweetest pleasure in her smile.  
And she to him gave love as warm and deep—  
But more unselfish—and obedience sweet.

Her lover—for what girl in *this* fast age  
Has reached eighteen without some tender gage—  
Was Alfred Sumner; fair-haired, tall, blue-eyed,  
A youth of twenty; who, of those that vied  
With him for Pansy's favor, won the meed,  
And looked with pity on his friends' defeat.  
His home was in a western city far,  
But he'd been sent, as many young lads are,  
To eastern schools his studies to pursue;  
And therefore came to B.—For though 'tis true  
All fair New England's noted, justly too,  
For high scholastic privilege, no town  
Held higher rank than this the country 'round.

The school, of which an inmate he had been  
For years, was well-conducted, disciplined,  
And taught. Its pupils, lads of every age,  
All rich men's sons; and almost every state  
From shore to shore was represented here;  
And though the school had rivals, yet 'twas clear  
None in the town had ranks more promptly filled.  
Its situation 'mong the breezy hills  
That skirt so many of our eastern towns,  
And which such puffs of clear, pure air send down,

Gave health and strength to many slender boys,  
Which filled their anxious parents' hearts with joy.

"The Institute," located scarce a mile  
Outside the village limits, all the while  
Boasting some lads that thought themselves young men,  
No small attraction evidently lent  
To village social life. Conceited, vain,  
As city-bred boys often are, 'tis plain,  
They flirted with a skill and art indeed,  
Worthy much older triflers ; little heed  
They gave to what results their acts might lead,  
Although I must confess, the village maids  
Were not so simple as they're oft portrayed ;  
And many a youth acknowledged he had been  
Wofully duped by girls he'd boasted " green."

In one of fair New England's fairest towns,  
Our Pansy's home was situate. High mounts  
Enclosed the emerald valley on all sides  
In antique setting. Deep, and clear, and wide,  
A noble river glided smoothly through,  
And many a tiny, murmuring streamlet too.  
No spot in all the place but gave a view

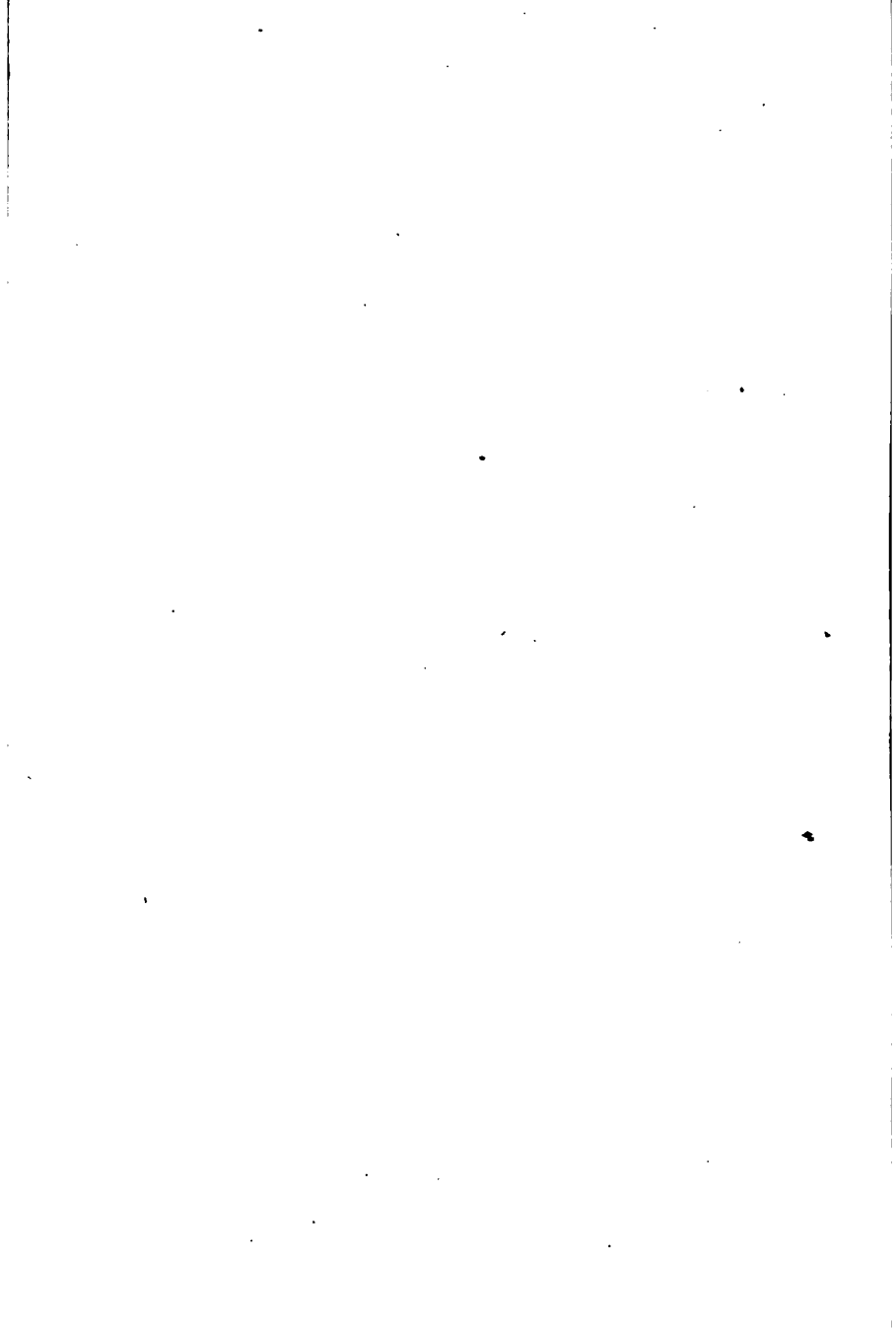
Exquisite, picturesque, sublime. An eye  
Artistic, every scene would gratify.  
And then what wealth of richly shaded green,  
In the luxuriant foliage is seen,  
When June, that royal month, crowns mount and glen  
With coronet of summer's rarest gems,  
And showers with lavish hand both far and near,  
The sweetest flowers of all the lovely year.

Within the centre of this pretty town,  
On which the crested hills looked grandly down,  
Was Pansy Grey's loved home. The house, a fine,  
Large, gothic cottage: many a flow'ring vine  
Enwreathed the trellised portico, and climbed  
To pointed window-casement, hanging there  
A shade, with trac'ry delicate and fair;  
And tossing through the dainty, shaded rooms,  
The incense of their ravishing perfume.  
The grounds were filled with trees, and shrubs, and  
flowers,  
With here and there a tiny rustic bower;  
A fountain's soft, pellucid waters fell  
In marble basin, girt with pink-lined shells;

In front a gravelled walk swept to the street,  
Where rustic gate shut in the sweet retreat ;  
And in the rear, a smooth and close-cut lawn,  
To pebbled river edge, sloped gently down.









## BROKEN DREAMS.



### BOOK SECOND.



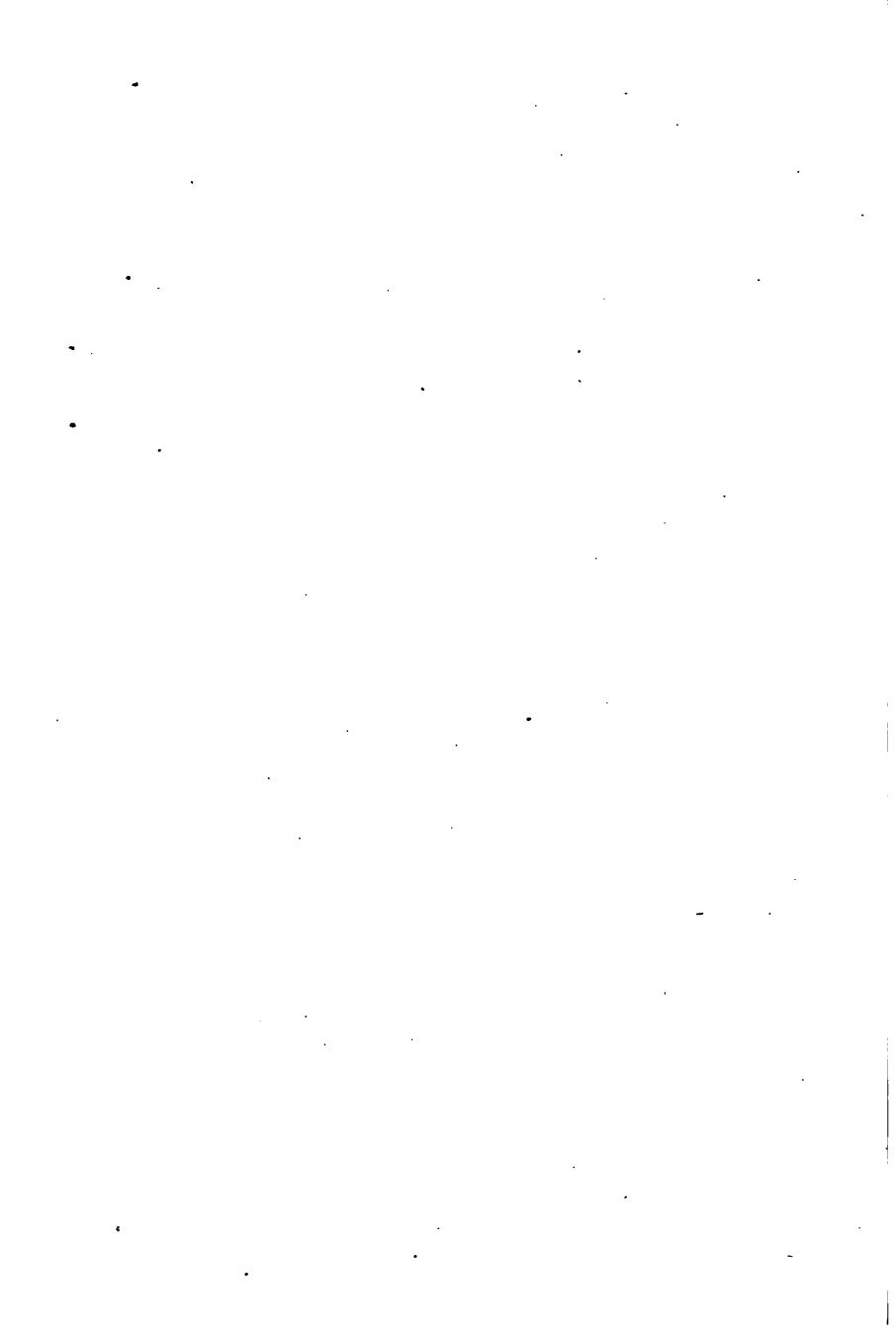
"Why should her fleeting day-dream fade unspoken,  
Like daffodils that die with sheaths unbroken?"

HOLMES.



"Whom first we love we seldom wed!"







# BROKEN DREAMS.

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## Book Second.

---

THE lazy summer days speed swiftly by,  
And golden August comes. The meadows lie,  
And in the fructifying, genial light  
Of glad, midsummer sunshine, bask their bright  
And graceful heads of bending, waving grain,  
Heavy with rip'ning fruit. O'er hill and plain  
There broods the purple haze, the pulsing air,  
Of summer's sleepy queen; if passing fair,  
Voluptuous and indolent as well;  
And yet her tropic bosom's every swell  
Reveals the passionate and glowing life  
Which beats beneath the lazy surface, rife

With bloom and beauty. On the southern breeze,  
Perfume like that which floats o'er southern seas,  
Seems wafted fresh from spicy tropic bowers,  
And every breath's a "balm of thousand flowers."  
The orchards toss from freighted branches down,  
Their tempting burden, strewing all the ground  
With luscious sweetness. Garden borders yield  
A world of blush and beauty, and the fields  
Are sprinkled too with Nature's gift of bloom.  
The forest aisles seem wrapped in sullen gloom,  
So dense their fretted arches. Early morn  
Is vocal with the thrilling, praiseful song  
Of many bright-hued birds—gay visitants  
From far-off homes in sunny southern lands.  
The locust's song, the busy hum of bees,  
The low of kine, the sigh of waving trees,  
The sound of fretting water makes the noon  
Melodious too. And when the crescent moon  
Concludes the long, sweet twilight, and the stars  
Attend her majesty's triumphal car,  
In journeys on the fair reverse of heaven,  
And sultry day is lost in jewelled even,  
The song of "whippoorwill" the silence breaks—  
The sad refrain the mournful echoes take,

And send it back with added sadness fraught.  
The mournful echoes waken mournful thought,  
Until the cheerful call of "katy-did"  
Dispels the baneful reverie, and bids  
Echo and thought begone.

The summer days,  
So full of blossom, fruit, and happy lay,  
Brought in their sleepy flitting, changes, too ;  
To some sad partings brought. The Institute  
Would soon dissolve its merry band of lads,  
For summer's long vacation. Many glad,  
Fond parents' hearts were beating high with joy,  
At thought of meeting soon their absent boys ;  
And many happy, bright-eyed, laughing maids,  
In pensive sigh, and thoughtful eye, betrayed  
Regret at parting, and perhaps distrust  
Lest all the pretty vows should prove like dust,  
Which the first breath of absence should disperse—  
Their names become a mem'ry faint, or worse,  
Forgotten quite.

But what to Pansy Grey  
Had come with these warm, bright midsummer days,  
Since early June her birthday ushered in,  
With dreams of joy that era should begin !

Not many steps in entered womanhood,  
Which looked so fair in fancy's light, she took,  
Before her feet had felt the prick of thorns  
Which strew the path of every woman born  
Of poor frail Eve's descendants. "Woman's lot"  
Was on her, and with pangs she ne'er forgot,  
She saw her lovely dream, as brief as sweet,  
Fade into empty air. With anguish deep  
She watched its slow dissolving, thrust aside  
The mem'ry of the happy past, and tried  
With woman's calm *endurance*, and the strength  
Her noble nature held, and which at length  
Stern sorrow had developed, to forget  
And conquer. Pretty one, thank God, as yet  
You've but a "broken *dream*" to mourn, not heart,  
And strength and courage let that thought impart.

My reader, doubtless to your mind I gave  
A wrong impression, when of Pansy Grey's  
Young friend I spoke as lover: doubtless you  
Inferred he was declared, accepted, too;  
But that was error. His attentions had,  
In truth, been very marked, and 'twas with glad,  
Strong thrills of triumph, he at length perceived  
He'd distanced all competitors, believed

He now stood first in pretty Pansy's heart.  
The time approaching when they soon must part,  
Perhaps for long, as this vacation brought  
His school-days' termination, Sumner thought  
'Twere best that he should speak, and render thus  
" Assurance doubly sure."

With happy trust

He sought her home one pleasant, balmy eve  
In early August. Being well received  
By Pansy's parents ever, he believed  
He need anticipate from them not one  
Objection to his suit. With her alone  
He felt the issue lay; nor did he fear  
Rejection there. I think no lover e'er  
Went to the time of trial more assured,  
Or buoyant with a love more fond and pure.  
And yet he *was* not a conceited man—  
Or I may say at least, not more so than  
His sex in general. He had, indeed,  
No little reason not to fear that he'd  
Much obstacle encounter. So he went  
To Pansy's home, with every thought intent  
Upon the evening's pleasant task in store.



Within the pretty parlor's long glass door  
He met the blushing girl. Her usual seat,  
Beside the open window of the neat  
And handsome sitting-room, gave her a view  
Of street, and gate, and gravelled pathway too ;  
A well-known form's approach had sent, therefore,  
The watcher to the open parlor door.

Did Sumner's face betray his heart's high hopes  
As in his own her soft white hand he 'closed ?  
Or did the ardent clasping tell the tale,  
And hide those violet eyes beneath the veil  
Of heavy fringes, flush the clear, soft cheek,  
And thrill the girlish voice so passing sweet ?  
A moment's careless chatting where they met,  
And then with one consent the house they left,  
And slowly strolled down to the river's shore.

The night was lovely ! Calm, and burnished o'er,  
The noble stream slipped quietly along,  
With scarce a murmur of its usual song,  
The tiny ripples laving pebbled beach.  
Across the stream, in varied, lofty reach,  
The noble tree-crowned mountains towered high,  
Sharply defined against the placid sky

Of cloudless evening, where there lingered yet  
The rosy hues the royal day-god left,  
When taking his departure from the scene,  
Where in his absence reigned his lovely queen.  
The air was clear as autumn mornings are,  
Ere indian summer comes : and from afar,  
The voice of song was wafted to the ear,  
Sweet as canary's warble, full and clear ;  
And told a tale of youth and happy hearts,  
The witching joy a lovely eve imparts,  
When floating lazily adown a stream,  
Fretted with silver by the moon's soft beams.  
Ah, yes ! a tale of youth and sunny dreams,  
Of hopes unblighted, and a life which seems  
As yet, a glowing, cloudless summer day ;  
Ere grief, and pain, and care have snatched away  
The ring of gladness from the bird-like voice,  
The swell of hope, and love, and youthful joys.

Just where the lawn was merged in golden beach,  
And just beyond the dimpling water's reach,  
A templed arbor stood : Its rustic seats  
A lovely view commanded : This retreat,

A favored haunt of Pansy's, often held  
A form of strong and manly grace as well.  
And so with tacit acquiescence then,  
Their careless stroll was ended there again.  
No lover, surely, more auspicious scene  
E'er had, or wished, to merge his lovely dream  
In sweet reality !

With short delay

He broached the subject which had all the way  
Been trembling on his lips. On Pansy's cheek,  
The flush his coming called there, still burned deep ;  
The violet eyes were turned away from him,  
Fixed on the distant mountains, growing dim  
In eve's "purpureal light." One dimpled hand  
Pressed idly 'gainst her lips a dainty fan,  
The other lay upon the rustic seat.  
But not for long ! for one whose pulses beat  
With strong vibrations, from its resting-place  
Lifted, and clasped it close. On Pansy's face  
The rosy flush still brighter, deeper burned,  
As her audacious lover slowly turned  
The smiling lips and downcast eyes around.

"Pansy !"

The shaded eyes still sought the ground,

The rosy lips unclosed for no reply.  
He gazed a moment with impassioned eye  
Upon the tell-tale face, then spoke again :

“ Pansy, next week our summer school-term ends ;  
And when I leave this pretty, eastern town,  
Where I so many kindly friends have found,  
So many pleasant, happy hours have passed,  
'Twill be for long. This term will be my last,  
For with it ends my school days. Thus, this eve,  
I come to crave a boon, I come to leave  
With you, the dearest friend I here can claim,  
A gift, that sometimes shall recall my name  
With thrill of pleasure, one that shall insure  
Remembrance, when this moonlight, soft and pure,  
Shines on me in my far-off western home,  
And you are sitting here, but all alone ! ”

The shadows swiftly fell, and Pansy hailed  
With joy the delicate, impervious veil,  
Which, while her features' outlines it revealed,  
It their expressive changes yet concealed.  
Her hand he still with warm, firm pressure held,  
But only for a moment, had compelled

Her face to turn to him : for there he read  
That from those artless lips he need not dread  
Refusal of his suit, and therefore soon  
Released the blushing captive.

He resumed

With scarce a moment's pause :

“ And thus, the boon

I crave is Pansy's love ! The gift I bring  
Is all my heart, and as a pledge, this ring :  
And Pansy, love, I seal the whole with this.”

He paused, then drew her close, and pressed a kiss  
Upon the sweet and unresisting lips  
Of her he held, and knew his ardent wish  
Was granted, in that mute, but sweet assent.  
No words of love could give more content,  
Than did her passive acquiescence yield.

A ray of moonlight peeping in, revealed  
With sudden flash the costly pledge he brought,  
As he the glitt'ring emblem of their troth  
Placed on the taper finger of the hand  
He now might claim as his. And all the land  
No hearts contained, that lovely summer night,  
That beat more high with joy, held hopes more bright,

Or less foreboding felt of coming pain,  
Of days of bitter grieving, than those twain.  
How sad it is, that sorrow ever crowds  
Close on the heels of joy ! that heavy clouds  
Must darken soon the clearest summer sky,  
And disappointment dim the brightest eye !

When—after chatting for a happy hour  
Upon the portico, where climbing flowers  
The night-breeze gently swayed, and filled the air  
With sweetest perfume, while the tendrils fair  
Kissed the flushed cheek, and wreathed the heavy curls  
Which swept the temples of the happy girl  
Behind the leafy screen,—the hour grew late,  
They parted at the little rustic gate,  
To meet once more when on the pretty town  
Queen Luna and her suite again looked down,  
And when the joyful lover hoped to crown  
The night's success, by gaining to their troth  
Consent from Pansy's parents. Not a thought  
Of their refusal marred his dreams that night ;  
Sleeping or waking, all were glad and bright.

---

Another sultry day passed swiftly on,  
And brought a low'ring eve ! Dark clouds bent down,

Freighted with storm and tempest : Now and then  
The heavy, tumbling masses, parting, sent  
A flash of golden light from out the pent  
And heaving bosom of the brooding storm ;  
And low and ominous, as if to warn  
Of pending danger, came the distant boom  
Of mutt'ring thunder : and the frightened moon  
Seemed flying from the swift-pursuing clouds.  
The rising wind, with moans which grew more loud  
With every passing moment, shook and tossed  
The topmost branches of the trees, 'till lost  
In that deceitful calm, which seems to breed  
The fiercer tempest when the gale succeeds.

E'en in the gloom of such a pending storm,  
The templed arbor on the grassy lawn  
Again was occupied ! For Pansy there,  
To wait her lover's coming, had repaired,  
While, confident of winning their consent  
To his desire, he to her parents went.

With heart unquiet as the sighing wind,  
Which tapped and rattled at the latticed blind,  
Impatient as the fretting waves, that rose  
And fell below, she waited for the close

Of what to her a long, long conference seemed—  
Waited to know if all her lovely dreams  
Should be fulfilled, or dashed in ruin down,  
To lie in broken fragments on the ground.  
In vain she told herself no cause she had  
To fear her hopes' o'erthrow. In vain she bade  
Her heart to cease its trembling, rise above  
The fears no reasoning could yet remove ;  
In vain she thought of how her parents kind  
Had ever borne her slightest wish in mind,  
Left no desire ungratified,—e'er sought  
Her highest happiness and good : and ought  
She now their love and kindness to distrust,  
To fear opposal when she had so *much*  
At stake ? Would they not recollect their own  
Young, happy days, and see 'twas not alone  
Her present pleasure their reply involved,  
But life-long happiness ? Could they resolve  
To crush her new-born hopes at one fell blow,  
And blight her happy life ?

She did now know—

The pretty child !—that though there's naught "so sweet  
In life as love's young dream," 'tis not so deep,



And strong, and lasting as the young heart deems,  
When 'neath the spell of that bewild'ring dream.  
That hope, though crushed, will spring to life again,  
And that it takes a world of grief and pain,  
Takes many a hurt, and disappointment sharp,  
To crush a woman's buoyant, hopeful heart.  
She had not learned not many stand the test  
Of silence and long absence; that the best  
And truest men, and women too, forget  
The friends they loved, before "'round absence crept  
The weed of custom," and their names become  
A mem'ry, and no more. She, pretty one,  
Had many bitter lessons yet to learn,  
Many a cold, sharp corner yet to turn.

The night grew blacker ! bright and brighter flashed  
The golden chains o'erhead. More near and fast  
The rolling thunder boomed. The wind rushed past  
With louder moan and fiercer, angrier blast,  
And as the first large raindrops patt'ring fell,  
There came a hasty step she knew full well,  
And Sumner stood within the arbor door.  
At last her vigil, long and lone, was o'er.

A blinding flash of light revealed the scene,  
And Pansy quickly sprang, with startled scream,  
To meet her welcome friend.

“Why, Pansy, dear!”

He said, “I did not dream you’d tarry here  
Until the tempest broke. Come in, my child,  
Before the storm grows yet more fierce and wild;  
My precious Heart’s-ease, come!”

He caught her hand,

And drew her out upon the damp’ning sand,  
Across the lawn, the garden, up the steps,  
Nor paused, nor scarcely spoke, until they left  
The wind and rain and darkness all outside,  
And breathless, panting, stood within the bright  
And cosey parlor, where the brilliant light,  
And curtains closely drawn, shut out the night  
And tempest.

Fair as artist’s fairest dream

Of woman, Pansy looked, as o’er her streamed  
The soft and beautifying light. Her cheek  
Flushed from the rapid walk, and dimpled deep  
By witching smiles which wreathed the scarlet lips,  
Sweet as a rose-bud’s heart, ere o’er it flits

The dainty southern bird, and gayly dips  
His fairy beak within the cup, to sip  
The honeyed dew and nectar hiding there.  
The eyes, Spring's dewy violets! eyes so rare,  
And yet so passing lovely—true as blue!  
The heavy fringes deepening their hue  
To purple pansies. Eyes that smiled to-night,  
And shone and sparkled with a glad, soft light.  
Her sad forebodings now forgotten quite,  
Left with the gloom and darkness of the night.  
The smooth, white forehead, crowned with soft, dark  
hair,

Whose simple curls swept shoulders gleaming fair  
And white, beneath the snowy muslin robe,  
Which 'round the girlish form in soft folds flowed,  
Relieved and brightened by the knot and band  
And sash of rosy pink, which gently spanned  
The slender, rounded waist, bound back the hair,  
And blushed beneath the chin so round and fair.  
The hands were white and soft, and gleaming there,  
A single diamond flashed.

The man who gazed  
Upon the lovely, girlish form and face,

Each pretty detail of the picture sweet,  
Took in, and stamped upon his heart. The deep  
And long-drawn sigh that heaved his manly breast,  
Betrayed the sharp regret and sad unrest  
Which swelled within his heart. The heavy sigh  
Smote painfully on Pansy's ear. Her eye  
Lost all the gladness that had sparkled there ;  
Her rosy lips forgot to smile ; her fair,  
Soft cheek retained no more its peachy flush ;  
And o'er her sinking heart again there rushed  
The last hour's dark forebodings.

Sumner drew  
Her gently to a seat beside him, threw  
His arm around her slender waist, and said—  
Resting his cheek upon the lovely head,  
While lower sank the poor girl's heart with dread—  
“Oh, Pansy, dear, our happy, lovelit dreams  
Are dashed to earth, and scarcely one bright beam  
Of hope remains. Your parents heard my plea,  
And then, with one consent, refused to me  
The boon I sought. In vain I plead and prayed  
For one small ray of hope, that at some day  
Far in the vista of the coming years,  
I then might claim the gift I hold so dear—

This little hand. In vain I urged your love,  
Your disappointment did they not approve  
And ratify your choice; reminding them  
'Twas not *my* happiness alone, which then  
On their decision hung. But not one plea  
Could win the answer sought, and give to me  
The right to hold you thus, and know you mine.  
We both were quite too young, they said, and time  
Would ease whatever pain we now might know,  
The wisdom, too, of their decision show.  
That absence soon would teach us to forget;  
And though for me they had a high respect,  
Knew naught of me to which they could object,  
My character was still unformed, as yet,  
And contact with the world might prove me quite  
Unfit, through all the rougher storms of life,  
To shield and guard their treasure, who was still  
A mere sweet, happy child, who to their will  
Would bend without a murmur. And, although  
I urged to this, that time alone would show  
How far I might be worthy of their trust,  
And Pansy's precious love, and that it *must*  
The child develop into woman, prove  
The constancy and power of our love,

And each of their objections could remove,  
How gladly would we wait for their consent,  
With how much trust and patience and content,  
They still refused to give me any hope.  
Oh Pansy, darling! *must* I give you up?  
Can you not see a single ray of light  
In all the gloom around us? has the night  
No star to cheer us, gives it not e'en one  
Bright promise of a rosy dawn to come?"

The girl beside him listened to his tale  
In silence, and with cheek that flushed and paled  
Alternately, and eye that flashed and dimmed,  
And told the conflict sharp that raged within.  
Her parents' long indulgence ill prepared  
Their child to witness tamely all her fair,  
Sweet hopes demolished at one cruel blow.  
A child indeed! should she not let them know  
There slept a *woman's* strength of will below  
The grace and softness of their pliant child?  
Did they, indeed, think her so tame and mild,  
That she without a murmur would submit  
To have no voice in what they must admit

Concerned herself most nearly ? They would find  
That, far too late, they had begun to bind  
Her will to theirs in sweet submission, when  
She had so much at issue. That 'twas then  
Too late to have a wish so strong denied,  
When trivial ones had long been gratified.

The first tumult of disappointment brought  
Rebellion ; and the petted child forgot—  
In indignation at the cruel “no,”  
Which left no room for hope, and overthrow  
Of all their happy plans—the rev'rence due,  
The sweet obedience and gratitude,  
Their love and kind indulgence hitherto  
Had merited. And while I'd not sustain  
A child in disobedience, I'd aim  
To censure the extravagant extent,  
To which a parent's interference, when  
Their child's whole future in the balance hangs,  
Is often carried. When, with careless hands,  
They dash the cup of joy from eager lips,  
And blight the lives of those whose happiness  
Should been their aim.

Another hour passed on!

Outside, the strength and fury of the storm  
Had spent itself, and through the drifting clouds  
The moon looked forth, and from her sable shroud  
Shone clear and bright, her lovely face undimmed  
By her brief hour of mourning. But within,  
The clouds in all their blackness still hung low,  
And draped two hearts in sable weeds of woe.

At last the lovers parted ; Sumner still  
Quite unconsoled, and Pansy's royal will  
Yet raging in rebellion. They'd discussed  
From every point the subject uppermost  
In both their hearts ; but had as yet arrived  
At no conclusion. Pansy still denied,  
With indignation strong, her parents' right  
To rule her choice in such a case as this :  
And Sumner, all his wealth of new-found bliss  
Dissolving fast, in his despair could see  
No hope of brighter days to come, when he  
The treasure he was losing might regain.  
And when he said " good-night," a thrill of pain  
Shot through his heart, as he recalled how high  
It throbbed with hope when he had said good-by



To this dear little girl the night before,  
And turned to see the moonbeams shining o'er  
The pretty figure at the rustic gate,  
Which smilingly another farewell waved.  
In contrast with this picture came the one  
He saw to-night, as he again had turned  
For one last look. The flow'r-wreathed portico  
A drooping figure framed, with head bent low  
In deep dejection, and a lovely face,  
With lips that had no smile, and eyes that gazed  
Through gath'ring tears at his receding form.

From this night's disappointment there was born  
In Pansy's stormy heart the firm resolve  
That their engagement should not be dissolved  
Without a struggle. She would see, she said,  
What *she* could do !

At last the weary head  
Was pillowed in the little dainty bed ;  
Sweet sleep, descending softly, tarried there,  
Pressed kisses on the eyelids white and fair,  
And speedily exhausted Nature claimed  
A respite for the weary heart and brain.

---

Day after day passed rapidly along,  
'Till seven dewy eves and rosy morns  
Slept side by side within their silent tombs  
In vast Eternity's sepulchral rooms.  
Unchangeable their good or evil deeds—  
Their records closed, their fleeting lives complete.

The dying days had also brought to those  
Of whom I write, the death of sickened Hope.  
They watched the rosy child grow pale and faint,  
Droop slowly day by day, until with pained  
And sinking hearts, they saw their first-born die.  
With whitened cheeks, and mournful, tearful eyes,  
They laid their lovely infant in the grave  
Of buried love and joy, o'er which there waved  
The weeping willow's drooping boughs alone;  
Whereon no daisies sprang, no grass had grown.  
With saddened hearts they turned away at last,  
Took up again life's burden, which the past—  
Wherein their Hope was born and quickly died—  
Had rendered heavy that was erst so light,  
And bravely tried to banish all regret,  
And learn o'er what was helpless, not to fret.

Poor Pansy's word had faithfully been kept !

She tried indeed to "see what *she* could do,"  
But shortly found that she was vanquished too.  
Not after one, but *many* struggles sharp,  
Did she the cherished wish that filled her heart  
Resign; consent with her young love to part  
As friends, and friends alone, to meet no more  
As loved and lover,—watch the closing door  
Between their throbbing hearts, which happy love  
Had opened wide, and sadly trace above  
The fastened portals—"Closed forevermore!  
Parental will has locked the golden door,  
And dropped the key within despair's deep well,  
Whose bitter waters clutched it as it fell!"

Yes, selfishness had triumphed! Pleased to see  
Their child attention, homage, love receive,  
They yet desired to keep her all their own,  
Free from all other ties. And there alone  
The motive for their stern refusal lay.  
Sweet Pansy doubtless would have won the day,  
Had she no nobler, more unselfish been,  
Than those who bore and reared her. As for him—  
The man she loved—her parents each confessed  
They found no fault in him: they could not rest  
Refusal on her friend's unworthiness.

Their youth was all their plea: and though 'twas plain  
Time surely 'd make them old enough, in vain  
That argument to theirs the girl opposed ;  
It had no weight. In vain did she propose,  
As Sumner had, their marriage to delay  
For years, were it desired, if they would say  
She then should have their blessing and consent.  
'Twas all of no avail. And when at length  
They sternly bade her choose between the two,—  
Remain with them to whom her love was due,  
Or go with him and their displeasure prove,  
Which she in vain should labor to remove,—  
With trembling lip, but eye that dropped no tear,  
And tone, if tremulous and low, yet clear,  
She answered as she sadly turned away :

“My choice is made! your will I must obey:  
I cannot wed unless with your consent:  
But when the happy love, and sweet content  
With which *together* you two, hand in hand,  
And heart to heart, your pilgrimage began  
Along the way which led you to the land  
Of wedded happiness, you shall recall,  
Then for one troubled moment think of all

To-night's refusal to your child denies,  
And ponder well if you in this are wise."

She left the room; and midnight saw her still  
Crouched on the floor, the casement's low, broad sill  
Her rounded arm supporting, where was pressed  
The tear-stained cheek, the balmy breeze caressed,  
As if in gentle pity for the pain  
Which pierced the tender youthful heart, it fain  
Would soothe,—her temples throbbing 'neath the veil  
Of silken curls that swept the cheeks so pale,  
And eyes—those lovely eyes, wherein had crept  
A sadness chasing out their smiles—all wet  
And flushed with bitter tears which they had wept.  
Much grievous sorrow she'd that night passed through:  
The fiercest struggle now was o'er, she knew.

The morning brought commencement day—the eve  
Her disappointed lover, to receive  
His last farewell. We will not linger o'er  
The bitter parting! Let us close the door  
Upon the scene, shut in the sad, sad twain,  
Parting they felt to never meet again.  
Shut in the tears, and sobs, and kisses wild,  
The clinging arms, fond words, and mournful smiles,

The silent sorrow of the last sad hour,—  
And stand with Pansy 'neath the drooping flowers  
Of vine-clad portico, as on her ear  
The echo of his footsteps fall, with drear,  
Sad mournfulness, and whispers that the tale  
Of love is ended. 'Gainst the trellis frail  
She leans for long in bitter reverie;  
And as she turns at last, and heavily  
Her soft hand raises to her aching brow,  
The light which over her is streaming now  
From open parlor door, with sudden gleam  
Reveals that on her finger still, the ring  
Of their betrothal glitters.

When she drew  
The pretty circlet off, and dropped into  
Her lover's hand the emblem of their troth  
So quickly broken, he in troubled thought  
Toyed for a moment with the costly pledge  
Which he one eve by pebbled river-edge,  
So joyfully had giv'n the happy girl—  
With violet eyes and cheeks of roseate pearl,  
Whereon the pretty flush of new-born love  
No longer burned—and then he bent above

The little hand he held in tender clasp,  
Slipped back the ring where it had glittered last,  
And said: "No, Pansy darling, keep the ring,  
And let it often fond remembrance bring  
Of him who loved you well. I would not, dear,  
You should forget the one who holds you here  
To-night, with such mad longing. While its gleam  
Awakes one thought of this our happy dream,  
So brief, and though so sad, so passing sweet,  
You'll not forget the friend who hopes to keep  
A warm and tender spot in your dear heart,  
Though 'tis to meet no more this eve we part.  
And so, my precious Heart's-ease, keep the ring,  
'Till on this little snowy hand shall gleam  
The gage of one your parents shall approve.  
When that time comes, then send it back, my Love!"

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And so the happy dream in fragments lay!  
The veil of youth was rudely torn away,  
And Pansy Grey her first sad lesson learned  
From woman's book of fate. The first leaf turned  
Was written o'er with disappointment sharp:  
Would every page reveal a bitter smart?

Some women find no others ! was she one  
Whom tales of hope fulfilled her eyes would shun ?  
Or was it true a " broken dream " alone,  
Not broken heart, it was she had to mourn !









## BROKEN DREAMS.



### BOOK THIRD.



"But time wore on ! 'round absence crept  
The weed of custom, and the absent one  
Became at last a mem'ry and no more."

OWEN MEREDITH.



"Flown on the wings of rapture ! Is this death ?"

J. G. HOLLAND.







# BROKEN DREAMS.

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## Book Third.

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AND "time wore on!" Days swiftly came and went,  
With Summer's wealth of verdure, soon was blent  
The royal tints of Autumn! Brilliant leaves,  
Beneath whose radiant flush of beauty leaps  
The swiftly ebbing pulse of death, in heaps  
Of crimson, purple, amber, brown and gold,  
Were piled upon the stiff'ning ground, grown cold  
Beneath the kisses of the dying year.  
Then Winter came! old, hoary, dropping tears  
Of sorrow o'er the year's departed bloom—  
Its youth so full of promise, merging soon

In early manhood passionate and rash,  
With life and beauty glowing—passing fast  
To riper middle age—that also gone !  
Spring's bud, and summer's blossom, blush and song,  
And Autumn's fruit all gathered—nothing left  
But leafless trees, and grass all brown and dead :  
No flower, no fruit, no bird, no balmy air,  
But frost and cold, decay, death everywhere !

So Winter, weeping tears which ere they fell  
Were changed to drops of ice, o'er hill and dell  
All brown and sere, o'er leafless shrub and tree,  
O'er far-off mountain-top and lonely lea,  
With loving, pitying hand a mantle spread—  
A snowy shroud to hide his mournful dead !  
But Winter also died ! Then Spring, his heir,  
Came robed in garments bright, and fresh and fair,  
With lovely flowers crowned, by mirth and song  
Attended, as he gayly tripped along.  
And now proud Summer once again was here !

To Pansy's lovely face an added year  
Had giv'n an added beauty. To the lips,  
That trembled 'neath her first-love's parting kiss

A twelvemonth since, a sweeter curve was giv'n ;  
Yet in repose betrayed how she had striven  
And conquered pain. Not quite so pink the cheeks,  
Yet softer, fairer still. And eyes—so deep  
And lovely ever, eyes so full of smiles  
A year ago, and smiling on, the while  
In secret many bitter tears they wept,  
Now hid within their tender, lustrous depths,  
Where violet shadows lurked, a sweeter light,  
A softer radiance as pure as bright :  
A look that said the soul that lay beyond  
Had grown more loving still, more strong and fond :  
That life for her a deeper meaning held,  
More earnest had become : that told how well  
And bravely were the last year's burdens borne.  
And yet, when all is said, I can but own  
I've failed in showing what the subtle grace  
The added year had given : the lovely face  
A nameless charm possessed, and which my pen  
Is pow'rless to describe : I leave it then  
To you, my reader, to compare with one  
As fair and sweet which you perchance have known.

The wise man tells us that the human heart's  
Above all things deceitful ! Thus imparts

A truth we all must sanction. Who but finds  
The statement verified from time to time,  
If he beneath the surface looks : and who  
But must acknowledge what he thought to do  
Was left undone, and many an act performed,  
Which he in contemplation would have scorned.  
Few their own capabilities can know,  
Till trials stern, and strong temptations, show  
Their nature's depth and strength ; some shallow prove,  
Some grand and firm—all purity and love.

We look into our hearts, and deem we read  
Each page that's written there. Look long and deep,  
Discuss its motives, passions, feelings, thoughts,  
Its likes and detestations, faults, and aught  
Beside we can discover there, and deem  
We fully know ourselves : but like a dream  
That's full of inconsistency and change,  
We find ere long—and think it passing strange—  
We've been deceived most sadly ! and by what ?  
By nothing less than our own fickle hearts !

For instance : we perchance may have a friend !  
We own we like, esteem him much ; but then

'Tis only friendship of the purest kind  
We feel for him ; and yet, surprised, we find  
At length, our friendship's ripened into love.  
Unconsciously, it may be, we above  
All others in our hearts have *him* enthroned,  
To reign forever there, supreme, alone.  
Again, we may perhaps have loved for long,  
And with affection passionate and strong.  
We'd treat with indignation any talk  
Of possible estrangement, any thought  
That coolness, absence, silence, time, or aught  
Beside, could ever any change effect—  
Less potent render love like ours : and yet,  
When tested, have we not sometimes to own  
We were deceived ? The bird of love had flown  
On wings of change and absence from our hearts ?  
That what we deemed was of our souls a part,  
A passion strong as life, was, after all,  
A fleeting, fond emotion ?—love miscalled !

Yet, notwithstanding this, I *do* believe  
In life's grand passion ! Love that never leaves  
The heart it enters, never suffers change,  
And that no power on earth can e'er estrange.



But this is rare ; few natures are so deep  
As to contain a passion strong and sweet,  
As lasting, potent, tender, and complete  
As that !

But life one strong emotion has,  
That's neither love nor friendship ! For the last  
'Tis somewhat too exacting, jealous, rash,  
And passionate as well ; and it is quite  
Too selfish, shallow, vacillating, light,  
And impotent to be the first. No name  
For this emotion doth our speech contain.  
We call it "*love* !" but those who both have known,  
That it is thus misnamed, must surely own.  
'Tis like a portrait of a lovely face !  
It's sweet, and pretty, full of tender grace,  
And yet is but a *semblance* of the warm  
And pulsing life within the perfect form.  
'Tis like an apple-blossom ! fair and sweet,  
Yet soon its snow lies crushed beneath our feet ;  
And lovely as it may be, 'tis in truth  
A *promise* merely of the coming fruit.  
'Tis like a dream, bewilderingly sweet,  
Of one we love, and long, perchance, to meet !

The dream is blissful ! what, though, when compared  
To glad reality, when both should share  
The joy of meeting ? Lovely as it seems,  
We wake, ere long, to find 'tis but a dream.

And thus with Pansy Grey ! She deemed her love  
As changeless as the stars that shine above ;  
As fathomless as depths of throbbing sea ;  
As strong as love of life ; as vast, and free,  
As heav'n's expanse, and balmy, pulsing air ;  
And after all, 'twas but the semblance fair  
Of love's reality ! She grieved, 'tis true,  
And pain severe and real she suffered, too,  
At life's first disappointment. Yet 'twas o'er  
Her broken dream, and shattered hope, far more  
Than sacrifice of love.

She could not gaze  
On life with eyes the same as in the days  
Before her feet had entered love's sweet maze,  
Before her mouth had felt the thrilling press  
Of manly lips in love's divine caress,  
Before she learned to suffer and be strong—  
Poor woman's bitter task—" but time wore on,"  
Pain grew less sharp, affection slowly dimmed,  
And though a tint of sadness lurked within

The lovely eyes at times, and though his ring  
Still sparkled on her hand, and thoughts of him  
Who fondly placed it there did oft recall—  
Kind, pleasant, loving recollections all—  
Smiles nestled in her buoyant heart again,  
And she had won the vict'ry over pain.  
Her absent friend was fondly thought of yet,  
But not with love's impassioned, sharp regret.

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Time still wore on ! October's mellow days  
Brought sorrow once again to Pansy Grey's  
True, tender heart. Her father, stricken down  
By fell disease, was hov'ring o'er the bounds  
Of vast Eternity. How full of grief  
Those weary days ! Tears bringing no relief  
To her o'er-burdened heart. She watched and wept  
Beside the suff'rer's couch, then sadly crept  
To where her mother dear lay moaning too,  
And fretting 'neath her impotence to do  
For him she loved.

Disease had lightly laid  
His heavy hand upon the loved one, played  
At first upon a single chord alone :  
The "harp of thousand strings" gave bitter moan,

And quickly snapped the chord beneath his touch.  
He tried another ! Lightly though he struck,  
That also broke. His hand still others swept !  
He touched them gently, tenderly, and yet  
They snapped asunder too. The strings were worn,  
Or else too tightly tensioned. Sadly shorn  
Of beauty, music, grace, the broken harp  
Lay useless ! It had bravely done its part  
To cheer and soothe the weary, saddened hearts  
That came to it for music—softly played  
Its airs of joy or grief, and now it lay  
All broken, worthless, waiting for the Hand—  
The tender, loving Hand, at whose command  
Its sweetest melody was ever given—  
To gather up the broken strings, the riven,  
Shattered frame, and from the fragments make  
A finer, richer instrument, to take  
Its place within the heavenly choirs above,  
To vibrate evermore with airs of love  
And praise to Him whose gracious mercy wrought  
From such a wreck a harp the *Master* thought  
Deserving place in His divine abode.

Poor Pansy watched with eyes all overflowed

With blinding tears, and heavy, aching heart,  
The tensioned strings snap one by one apart ;  
Watched with untiring patience, tender zeal,  
O'er both her sufferers. Saw slowly steal  
Across their threshold one whose shadow dark  
Sent dread and terror to her loving heart.  
And still the shadow near, and nearer stole,  
And dark and darker grew, and sadly told  
'Twas but the herald of approaching doom ;  
But the precursor of a guest, which soon  
Would bend above that wasting, failing form,  
And freeze with icy kiss the lips yet warm  
With pulsing life, though crimsoned with the flush  
Of rosy fever, whose deceitful blush  
Flamed hot upon the hollow cheeks as well—  
The borrowed hue of blooming, robust health.

Would I could find some words in which to tell  
How nobly was the hidden pow'r and wealth  
Of Pansy's heart, by sorrow's discipline  
Developed ! How sublime the strength within  
The nature of that fair young lovely girl.  
One almost felt an angel's wings were furled

Beneath the dainty robes that clothed that form  
So slight and girlish, as she tasks performed  
Which weaker natures must have sunk beneath.  
The nightly watchers many blessings breathed  
On that fair child, who, with such tender care,  
Not only watched the suff'rer lying there,  
And all her mother's wants supplied, but spared  
No efforts for the comfort of the friends  
Who eased her nightly vigils. To the end  
A ministering angel bent above  
That couch of pain, and with untiring love,  
The numberless requirements of the hour  
Fulfilled with steady hand.

The wondrous power  
Of woman's stern endurance, who can show ?  
It seems unlimited. No one can know  
Her nature's vast resources 'till the time  
Of trial comes, and then how grand, sublime,  
The strength with which she meets the pending doom !

Death nigher drew ! and in the night's black noon  
Bent low above the couch where Pansy knelt ;  
His presence chill the silent suff'rer felt,

And as He lower bent, and whispered "come!"  
A smile seraphic wreathed the lips now dumb,  
And in a sigh ecstatic ebb'd the breath.  
"Flown on the wings of rapture! Is this death?"





## BROKEN DREAMS.



### BOOK FOURTH.



"Father of Love,  
An erring child yearns to be blest:  
Within Thy house to be at rest,  
No more to rove!"

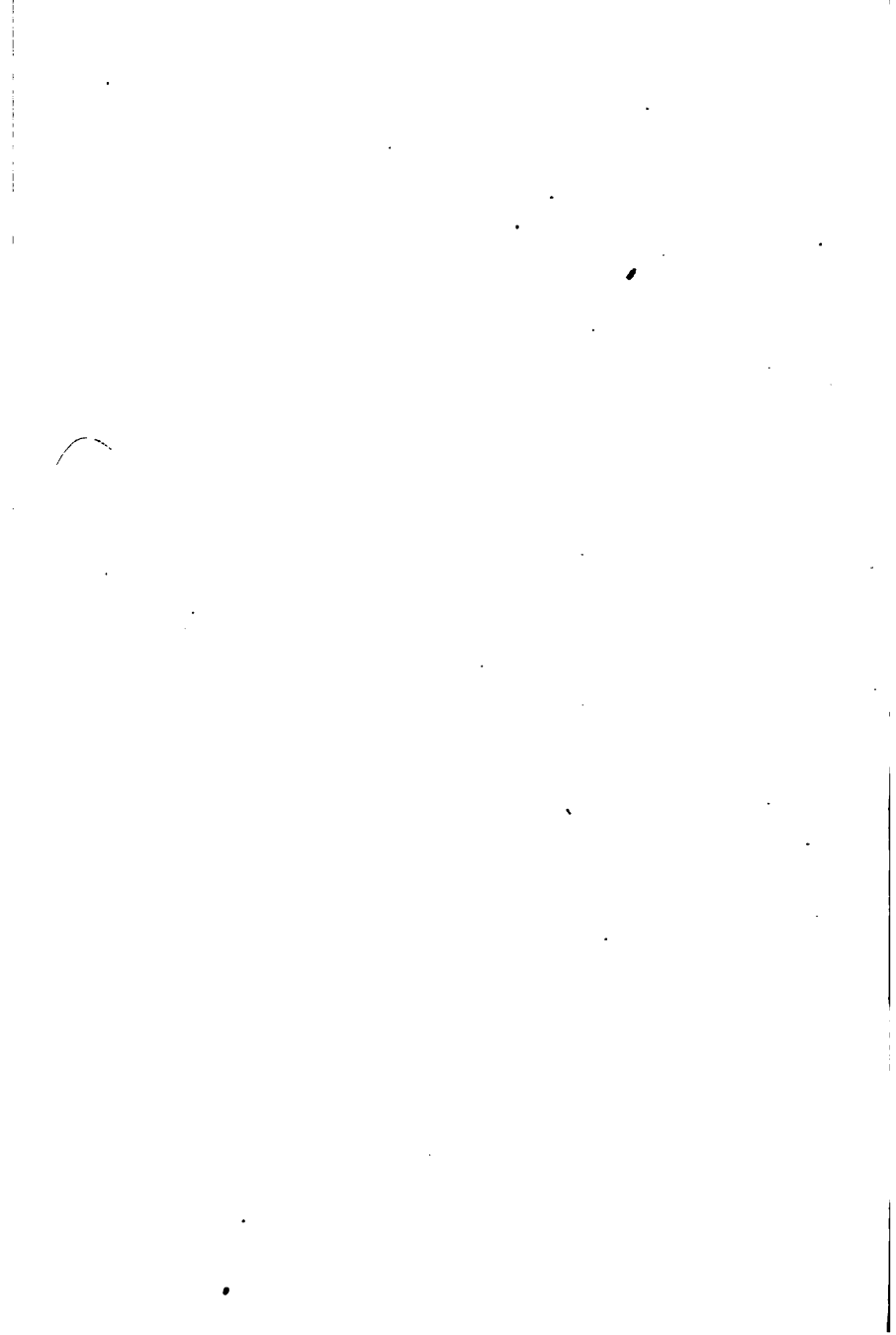


"And some we trusted with a fond believing,  
Have turned and stung us to the bosom's core;  
And life hath seemed but as a vain deceiving,  
From which we turn aside, heart sick and sore."

MRS. CHANDLER.









# BROKEN DREAMS.

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## Book Fourth.

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THE midnight of the year again had come !  
Tired Nature doffed her garments one by one,  
And went to rest ! to slumber 'till the sun  
Of Spring's sweet morning should again awake  
The weary sleeper, who had been arrayed  
In snowy night-robe by the loving hand  
Of careful Winter, while at his command  
The winds of Autumn lullaby had sung,  
'Till over wearied Nature had been flung  
The night's white garments, and sweet Sleep had come,  
Silenced her rills of laughter, rendered dumb  
Her voice, which in such happy songs had rung

All through the year's glad noon, and hushed to calm  
The lullaby of Autumn's evening psalm.

So Winter comes ! and hark ! his frosty air  
Is burdened with the aroma of prayer !  
His pure white robe, fresh from Earth's Monarch's hand,  
Seemed bringing in its folds a breath of bland  
And subtle perfume from the Great White Throne,  
Around which clouds of incense sweet are thrown  
From golden censers rare. It seemed as though  
The loving Christ had kissed the snowy robe,  
And left thereon the fragrance of His breath !  
For when it came, so close on Autumn's death,  
A shower of love divine from Jesus' heart  
Attended it, to joy and peace impart  
To weary, sin-tossed souls. Who *would* be blest,  
Stood 'neath the fragrant show'r, and found sweet rest,  
As on his sinful soul the crimson rain  
From Christ's cleft heart, so freely, sweetly came,  
And washed the guilty one from sin's dark stain,  
Imparting balm for every grief and pain.

Heav'n's shining throngs were happy in those days ;  
The jewelled courts all rang with song and praise,

As watching angels joyfully proclaimed  
Another soul redeemed from Satan's reign ;  
Another rebel reconciled to God,  
Whose feet had left destruction's paths so broad ;  
Another heart restored to Him who gave  
His precious life to save us from the grave  
Of dark despair, and everlasting night,  
And fit us for a home of love and light.  
And on the air which bore the blessing down,  
Came floating back the welcome, joyful sound  
Of prayer and praise to Him whose gracious love  
Had sent such wondrous mercy from above.

A fair young girl stretched out an eager hand  
To catch the falling drops, the thirsty land  
So quickly swallowed. Should the grateful shower  
Of Love divine not touch *her* in an hour,  
When to the sweet and purifying power  
The precious drops contained, so many hearts  
Were yielding? Should the ruby draught impart  
To her alone no happiness and joy ?  
And should she any means leave unemployed  
To catch the falling blessing? Innocent  
And pure she was, in action, thought, intent,

As erring human nature well can be,  
And yet she sought for deeper purity:  
Reached out her hand and bent her lovely head,  
That on her Christ's compassion might be shed,  
And humbly prayed, "Forgive and bless e'en me,  
Dear Lord, my God!" Her Saviour heard her plea,  
Bent down and took her in His tender arms,  
Soothed gently the repentant heart's alarms,  
Whispered of hope and love, bade fears to cease,  
And pressed the trembling lips with kiss of peace.

How sweet her life thus suddenly had grown!  
How deep the peace which to her heart had flown!  
How pure, complete, the joy that nestled there!  
This earth had surely grown more passing fair  
Than e'er before, since on the winding stair  
That leads to Jesus' mansions, she her foot  
So timidly had placed, one loving look  
Of sweet forgiveness from those eyes divine,  
Thus hoping to obtain—to taste the wine  
Of boundless love her Saviour's tender hand  
Should press to eager lips. How full and grand  
Her wishes' sweet fulfilment! she'd not dreamed  
Of *half* the bliss which that one loving beam

Of full forgiveness would on her bestow;  
What deep, abiding joy and peace would flow  
All through the draught that she so longed to quaff.

The river rippled by with merrier laugh,  
The golden sunlight shone with brighter gleam,  
The virgin snow more pure and lovely seemed,  
The heav'ns bent down with clearer, bluer depths,  
And e'en the clouds which sometimes o'er it swept,  
Seemed tinged with roseate hues. Her old-time friends  
Had grown more loved and loving. Wonder, then,  
That life looked very bright, how can we? When  
Each pleasure was enhanced, and every grief  
Was softened by the sweet and full relief  
Her Saviour's words of pardon had bestowed.  
When with His love her tender heart o'erflowed.  
What could she henceforth fear, while such true arms  
Were shielding her from all life's rude alarms?  
She gave all issues into His dear hands,  
And lovingly obeyed His wise commands.

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The speeding months which in her heart and life  
Had wrought such changes, were with others rife.

It would not be supposed that one so fair,  
So worthy homage, with a nature rare  
And strong and sweet as hers, would long remain  
Unsought, unwooed, though wooing might be vain.  
The place left vacant by her absent friend  
Ere long was occupied. Vacation's end  
Brought the return of one who long had gazed  
With wishful eyes on Pansy's lovely face,  
And hailed with joy proud Sumner's late defeat.  
However Pansy grieved, her laugh rang sweet  
And clear as ever, when with others met  
In social gathering. No sharp regret  
Betrayed itself in ringing voice, nor yet  
In laughing eye, or rounded, rosy cheek.  
And if of him some voice had chanced to speak  
With careless words, no blush, nor tone, nor look,  
Betrayed the tremor that her heartstrings shook.  
For very proud was she, this little girl,  
And shrank from showing to the curious world  
Her heart's emotions.

Let me introduce

Her present suitor, Mr. Henry Bruce !  
A dark-haired, dark-eyed, stylish, proud young man,  
And yet unscrupulous in act or plan—

From Gotham's tangled maze. His winning smile,  
And polished manner, tended to beguile  
All hearts from thoughts distrustful ; and was yet  
Too young to render very marked the depth  
Of cool deceit and vanity that slept  
Beneath that fine exterior. Those were,  
Perhaps, the worst points in his character,  
And circumstances yet had shown to few  
How quite unworthy was this youth of true  
And warm regard and confidence.

He found

It difficult for him to pass the bounds  
Of Pansy's maidenly reserve. Though gay  
And cordial ever, she had yet a way  
Of keeping him at distance, and in vain  
He sought the slightest favor to obtain,  
To other friends denied. 'Tis true, she marked  
His efforts place to win within her heart,  
Nor saw it with displeasure ; yet impelled  
To hide her sanction of his suit, she felt,  
Though reason for it she would found it quite  
Impossible to give. And so with light  
And playful words she all advances met,  
And he was forced to own, in no respect



Did he in her regard advance a step,  
As far as he could see.

Bright, leafy June,  
Blushing and fragrant with its wealth of bloom,  
Had brought her twentieth birthday! Brought beside,  
A new, yet unknown friend, who on a tide  
Of anxious fear had floated to her heart,  
Encouragement and comfort to impart.

Her brother Temple, some months since, had gone  
To visit Western friends. Weeks passed along,  
And having with some lads acquaintance made,  
Attending school where he his visit paid,  
He fancied he should like it to remain  
And enter on the school-roll there his name.  
And though his sister, and his mother both,  
To have him absent for so long, were loath,  
The wilful boy as usual won the day,  
And they at last consented to his stay.  
For scarce a month an inmate he had been  
Of "Ross Academy," and yet within  
So brief a space, his young and active limbs  
Were helpless stretched upon a couch of pain,  
And fever flushed his cheek, confused his brain,  
And sapped his youthful strength.

Day after day

He called for Pansy, begging her to lay  
Her soft, cool hand upon his aching brow,  
To kiss the lips so hot and fevered now,  
And sing her weary boy to sleep once more.  
With kind and gentle hand, a man bent o'er  
The tossing boy, with patient, watchful care,  
He soothed the moaning sufferer prostrate there.  
Paul Hart, a junior teacher in the school,  
The lads controlling with a gentle rule,  
An influence exerted over them,  
As rare as strong. Indeed, not many men  
Are better fitted for their place than he,  
And one with finer qualities we see  
But rarely. Yet, like every other man,  
He had his faults ; but as they did stand  
With prominence among his finer traits,  
He often credit won for higher rate  
Of merit than his character possessed.  
Tall, dark and handsome, pleasing in address,  
Obliging, able, educated, kind,  
His own sex placed him high 'mong men of mind,  
The other—well, they spoiled him some, I fear,  
Flushed with delight whenever he came near,

Courted and flattered him as women will,  
And he received their homage sweet, until  
He ranked his power of pleasing quite too high,  
And much of fascination lost thereby ;  
At least with any who by chance descried  
His self-conceit and vanity and pride.

Young Temple's heart he instantly had won ;  
The man and boy fast friends had soon become ;  
And when the lad lay tossing in the grasp  
Of fiery fever, while his strength ebbed fast,  
Each day more painful growing than the last,  
He begged his teacher,—who, with tender care  
And gentle touch, did ne'er an effort spare  
To ease and soothe the restless, fretful boy—  
To write to Pansy, leaving unemployed  
No argument that should by chance avail  
To bring his sister thither, or prevail  
Upon his invalid mamma, consent  
To give to Pansy's coming. Therefore went  
A letter East, the tidings to convey,  
Of Temple's illness.

Paul forebore to say  
How much the boy her presence had besought,  
From feeling that indeed he scarcely ought

To urge her coming thither, while at home  
Her presence was required. So while he owned  
That Temple was quite ill, assured her, too,  
He was not dangerous, and he should do  
With pleasure everything that could conduce  
Unto his comfort, or would be of use  
In his recovery promoting.

“ Thus,”

To this he added, “you will not, I trust,  
Consider it imperative to come,  
If aught demands your presence at your home.”

So pleasingly he wrote, expressing, too,  
So much of sympathy and kindness true,  
Assuring them that he would write each day  
While Temple ill remained, that Mrs. Grey’s  
Warm, mother heart was won without delay,  
And Pansy was desired to write and say  
How deeply grateful were they for his kind  
Attention to their absent boy. As time  
Passed slowly on, and Temple Grey remained  
Still prostrate on his couch of fevered pain,  
And every day its kindly message brought,  
To ease the anxious fears with which was fraught

Each troubled morn, they came to think of him  
As one who evermore must hold within  
Their hearts a warm and lofty place. So when  
The boy his usual health and strength again  
Recovered, and the daily letters ceased,  
They missed them much. And therefore 'twas with  
pleased

Surprise that Mrs. Grey perused one eve  
A note that Pansy handed her, received  
In one to her from Temple, wherein he  
Had urged in his imperious way that she  
Would grant his friend's request contained within  
The note in his inclosed.

Paul wrote he'd been

So pleased with Pansy's letters to the lad,  
Which, having been obliged to read, he had,  
Far more than he could say, their coming missed,  
And begged that she would grant his earnest wish—  
Of course providing Pansy gave consent—  
And though a stranger think him still a friend,  
And give him kind permission to address  
Miss Grey in correspondence. For the rest,  
He offered reference of the highest kind,  
Did she require, to satisfy her mind

As to his standing, honor, character;  
And hoped his love for one so dear to her  
As was her boy, would better plead his cause  
Than aught beside, regardless of the laws  
Of strictest etiquette, which might forbid  
Such correspondence.

On the whole, he did  
With so much manliness and frankness write,  
That Mrs. Grey, though in such matters quite  
As scrupulous as mothers often are,  
Yet grateful for his kind and watchful care  
Beside the couch of her dear absent son,  
Felt she could not deny this boon to one  
Who'd surely proved himself a friend in need;  
And though Miss Pansy long demurred, indeed,  
At last a favorable reply was sent,  
And correspondence speedily commenced.

Who does not know the shortest road to find  
A mother's heart, is through attention kind,  
And fondness for the child she loves. A claim  
Paul now possessed he could not urge in vain.  
Therefore the ease with which his point was gained.

Fine letters did he write, and I must own  
That *his* was not the benefit alone,  
Or pleasure in the correspondence thus  
Begun. She taught him hope, and faith, and trust;  
Set up for him—unconsciously although—  
Of womanhood a higher standard; showed  
Her nature's fairest, sweetest side to him,  
Until her image he enshrined within  
His mind as noblest of her sex. He, too,  
Taught her new admiration for a true  
And elevated manhood. Both, indeed,  
For each too high a standard raised; and lead  
To disappointment, that perforce must do.  
The romance threw a strong enchantment, too,  
Around this letter-intercourse. Though both  
To own how deep the charm lay would been loath,  
The bounds of friendship still were not o'erstepped,  
And Mrs. Grey each letter did inspect.  
Books, music, art, the topics of the day,  
Were all discussed, thus bringing into play  
Their knowledge, powers of reas'ning, feeling, thought,  
While each some new and fine ideas brought  
T' enrich the other's store.

Thus matters stood,  
When over hill and vale, and mead and wood,  
The misty splendor of the Summer's noon  
Again was brooding!

August's golden moon  
Smiled brightly on the little hill-girt town,  
When from his school-home Henry Bruce came down  
The night before commencement day, to pay  
A parting visit to Miss Pansy Grey.  
Just as another, nobler one had come,  
But two years since, to this sweet village home.  
To-night it was the wily youth's intent  
To ascertain, if might be, the extent  
And warmth of Pansy's tenderness for him ;  
In what bright colors had his face been limned  
Within the pretty maiden's guileless heart.  
And this he hoped to do, while on his part  
He carefully abstained from saying aught  
That should himself commit. He vainly thought  
That she could not resist the tender art  
He meant to use: but she was on her guard,  
And he that night her presence left, as wise  
As when beneath his gaze her purple eyes



Had drooped as he inclosed her offered hand  
That eve in greeting. Thus the heartless man  
Was foiled, and by a simple country girl,  
Whose heart he meant to play with, ere the world  
Of folly, fashion, flirting, pride, deceit,  
He entered.

Let us for a moment peep  
Within the floating curtains of the room,  
Aflood with radiance of the rising moon,  
Fragrant with balmy breath of summer flowers,  
Where sit the twain. Sweet as the lovely hour  
The lovely girl doth seem, clad, like the night  
In robes of darkness, which her beauty bright  
Do but enhance. The casement open wide,  
The little rocker, closely drawn beside,  
Wherein she sits in careless, graceful ease,  
Her dark curls floating in the gentle breeze  
Pregnant with od'rous sweetness, and the eyes,  
Within whose purple depths so sweetly hides  
The dawning smile that wreathes the lips of rose,  
And on the sunny, piquant face bestows  
An archness quite enchanting—all completes  
A picture, in whose every outline speaks

A purity and loveliness, the man  
Who lounges on a sofa near at hand,  
Impossible doth find it to withstand.  
And with an earnestness quite new to him,  
His heart is pulsing, while there lurks within  
His eyes so dark, a tenderness more deep  
And pure, than often through his being leaps,  
And trembles through his utt'rance when he speaks.

"Pansy, come sit beside me!" he exclaims.  
She hangs for answer, in her seat remains.

"Come, Pansy!"

"No! why *should* I?" she replies,  
While roguish smiles dance in the lovely eyes—  
"I like my place—this chair is very nice,  
And distance gives an added charm besides."

"Not always 'distance doth enchantment lend,'"   
He quickly made reply; "Come hither, then!"   
And rising, crossed the room, and took her hand,  
With gentle force, and playful, fond command,  
Compelled the girl his wishes to obey—  
She laughingly remonstrant all the way—

And on the sofa gently seated her,  
Then playfully forbidding her to stir,  
Close at her side sat down.

“Sit off!” she says,  
“I have not room; beside, you’ll spoil my dress.  
I’ve left my fan upon the window-sill,  
’Tis *very* warm back here!”

“Oh no! sit still,  
I’ll bring your fan,” to this he quick replies,  
As Pansy makes a vain attempt to rise.  
The fan is brought, and Bruce his seat resumes;  
Awhile sits at the farther end, but soon  
Miss Grey again complains of want of room.

“Pansy, I here remain one day alone,  
And then I’m through with school, am going home;  
To not return unless you bid me come:  
Will you not miss me? tell me, pretty one!”

“Miss you? oh no, why *should* I!” she returns,  
Although with deeper flush her soft cheek burns.

He takes her hand, toys with her floating hair,  
Her pink cheek smooths, plays with the chain she wears,

Then asks, "Are you like other women fair,  
With petting pleased?"

She laughs, shakes off his hand,  
"Oh that depends!" replies. "You understand  
It makes a difference as to who's the man."

"Why, Pansy! don't you love me? tell me true."

Shy droop the eyes to hide the tender hue  
That sparkles in the depths of lustrous blue,  
Yet saucily she answers still: "Love *you*?  
Oh no! why *should* I?"

Henry bit his lip  
In sharp vexation that this girl should slip  
Adroitly thus through all the efforts made  
To read her soul. To find that she betrayed  
Not once, her love for him, if such might sleep  
Within her heart, whose current flushed her cheek  
With such a warm, bright hue. She foiled thus far  
His mean, ungen'rous purposes, and mar  
His wily plans she still continued to,  
With laughing repartee the evening through.

The utmost that he gained was this: when late  
They stood beside the little rustic gate,

And he his leave was just about to take,  
He said : " Well, Pansy, bid me now good-by,  
But first, to one inquiry give reply :  
If I, on reaching home, to you shall write,  
May I expect an answer? Once, to-night,  
Say ' yes,' my dear, and let me go away  
With hopes we may, at some not distant day,  
Meet once again. Shall it be ' yes ? ' oh say ! "

A moment she in silence stood, bent down  
Her lovely eyes in thought upon the ground,  
Then softly said : " Perhaps ! I cannot tell ;  
I'll think 'till then about it. Fare-thee-well !  
And if it be forever, still *farewell*."

She gave her hand ; he took it, held it fast  
In both of his with strong and tender clasp,  
Stooped down and printed on her crimson lips,  
With eager press, a warm, impassioned kiss,  
So suddenly that she was not aware  
Of his intent, until 'twas burning there :  
And then without a word he turned away,  
And vanished from her sight with short delay.

---

Weeks passed along, but still no letter came!  
And Pansy questioned heart and brain in vain,  
The reason for his silence to explain.  
At first with frequency she recalled the eve  
Last spent with him, refusing to believe  
But in his truth and honor, though the while,  
That she had not allowed him to beguile  
From her that night, confession of regard,  
She felt most grateful. But at last her heart  
Was forced to own that she had been deceived,  
As time still swept along, and she received  
No tidings, and in calmer mood recalled  
The fact that while that eve employing all  
His powers, from her acknowledgment to win  
Of preference or strong regard for him,  
He yet with care abstained from giving her  
A like assurance. Such thoughts could but stir  
Her heart with indignation and disgust,  
For one who would have won her girlish trust,  
But to betray it when it once was gained.  
And thankful did she feel she'd been restrained  
By her coquettish mood, from giving him  
The paltry triumph he had hoped to win.

And yet, with heart all sore, and sad, and pained,  
She from a world that seemed so cold and vain,  
So vile, deceitful, heartless, turned aside  
With loathing and disgust. With haughty pride  
Repelled for long, each tender fond advance  
From those who gladly would improved a chance  
To show her that the world e'en yet contained  
Some nobleness and truth, though such a vain  
And heartless wretch as Bruce it still might hold.  
She would not thus be taught; but turned with cold  
Distrust from any cast in manly mould.

How glad she felt that he could not be there,  
To note with triumph how her cheek so fair,  
Had paled beneath the bitter lesson taught  
By one who had in every manner sought  
Her love to win. Glad they were not to meet,  
Until with steady eye and changeless cheek,  
She could return his greeting. Show to him,  
That his her heart had never truly been.

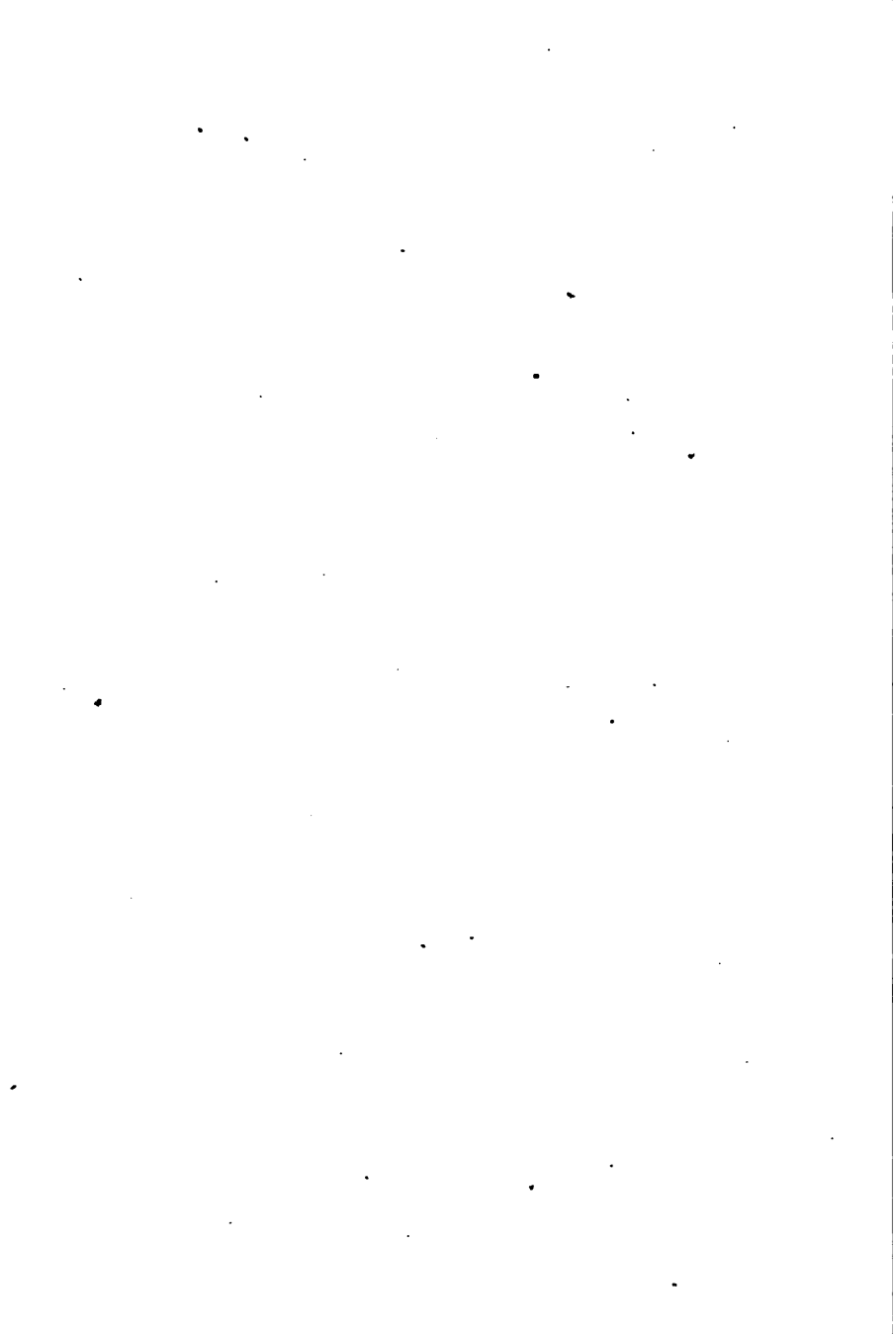
In woman's book of fate for her was turned  
One more sad leaf. Another lesson learned  
In disappointment and the world's deceit,  
Which left upon her mind an impress deep.

And yet, amid it all, she realized  
Her heart was still intact. Saw, with surprise,  
His image quickly vanish from her mind,  
Although it left a stinging pain behind.  
Ah! pretty child, much crushing hearts will bear  
Before they yield to remed'less despair.  
But yet each blow can but assist to crush  
Their vital and elastic force.

And thus,  
With tear-dimmed eyes, and cheeks that bore no flush,  
She saw her dream lie broken in the dust,  
And with it shattered faith, and hope, and trust.









## BROKEN DREAMS.



### BOOK FIFTH.



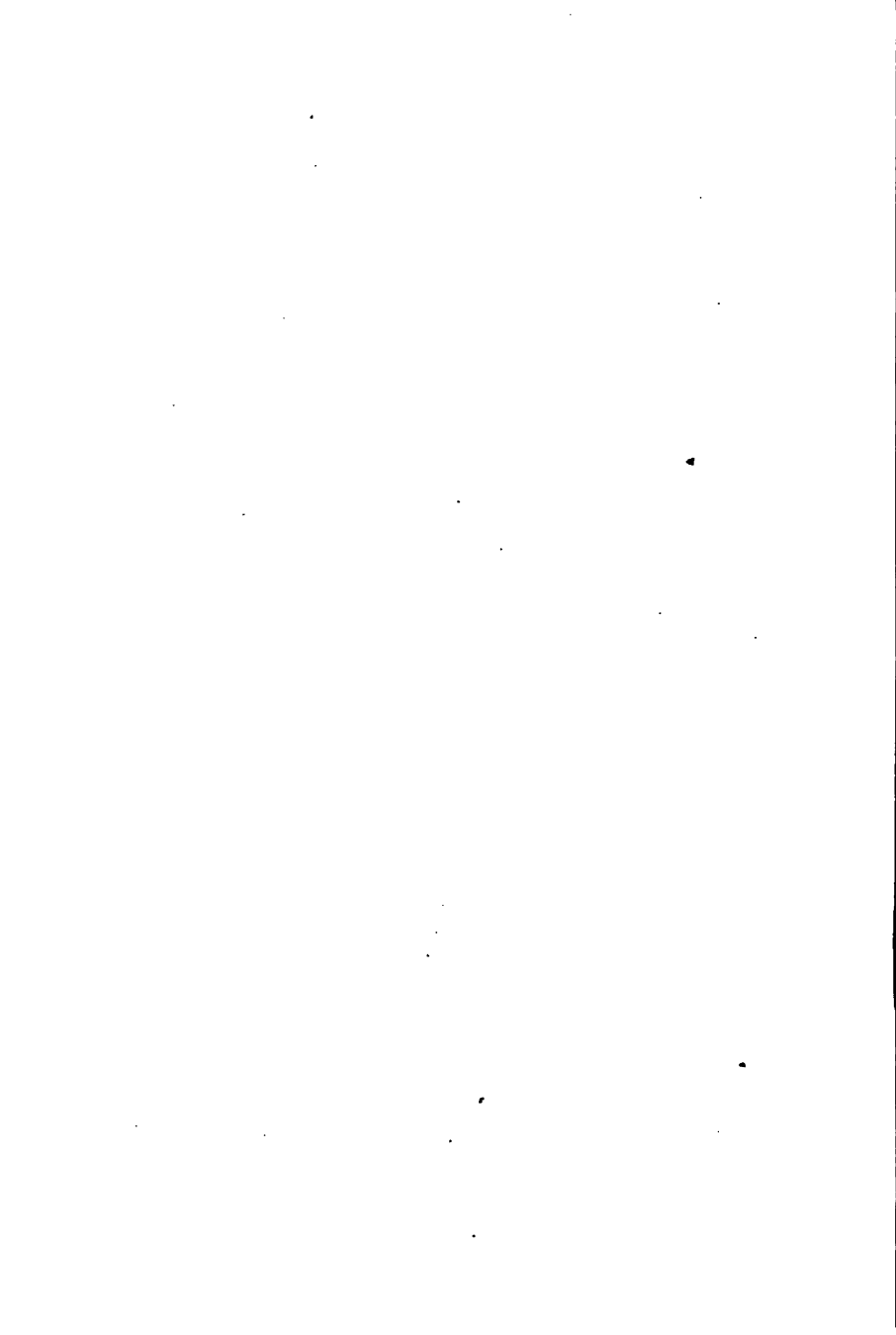
"Away, away! The dream is vain,  
Still wear, as best you may, the chain  
Your own hands forged about your fate."

OWEN MEREDITH.



"Thus one by one our idols fall,  
Just as the snow-flakes in the river."







# BROKEN DREAMS.

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## Book Fifth.

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AGAIN had Autumn's fruits been gathered in,  
And wintry pleasures all enjoyed had been,  
Spring too had passed, with her unrivalled bloom,  
And given place to rosy, blushing June,  
When Pansy stood one eve beside the gate,  
In the dusk beauty of the twilight late.  
Her mourning robes had been exchanged for white,  
And fresh and pure gleamed through the veil of night.  
Her round, white arm, from which the lace-edged sleeve  
Had fallen back, by golden band relieved,  
Was resting on the gate in graceful ease,  
The hand her chin supporting, while a pleased,

Yet thoughtful smile inwreathed the scarlet mouth  
As sweet and ripe as fruits from sunny south,  
The shaded eyes in reverie bent down,  
And fixed unconsciously upon the ground.

To-day the tidings came that Henry Bruce  
Was once again in town. The sudden news  
Had shown to Pansy how complete had been  
Her conquest over her regard for him ;  
How perfect was the self-control acquired ;  
Thanks to the indignation he'd inspired,  
And stronger feeling of intense disgust,  
At his entire unworthiness of trust.  
And so to-night, while standing at the gate,  
Where they had parted when the hour grew late,  
One moonlit eve almost a year ago,  
Her thoughts rolled back, as swift as thoughts can flow,  
Reviewing all that since that lovely night  
To her had come ; and with a roguish light  
Within her soft eyes couchant, wondered now  
If they should meet each other, where, and how ;  
If he would seek her presence, and if so,  
Debating what reception to bestow  
Upon her recreant lover. Let him know

How thoroughly had she detested him ?  
Treat him as if forgotten he had been ?  
Or like an old-time friend whom now she met  
With calm indifference, but no regret.

While thus she mused, she heard a boyish step,  
And in a moment, standing by her side,  
Was one she in the dim light recognized  
A pupil from the Institute to be.  
He held a letter in his hand, which he  
At once presenting, said : " This note, Miss Grey,  
I bring from Mr. Bruce ; desired to say  
He sends it with his compliments. And I,  
If such your pleasure, wait for your reply."

She hesitated for an instant, then  
The note she held returned to him again ;  
And saying, while with wide-dilated eyes  
The lad at her was staring in surprise :  
" *My* compliments to Mr. Bruce present,  
And take him back the note !" She turned and went  
With careless step, and gay, untroubled air,  
Within the house, and left him standing there.

---

Two mornings later she a card received,  
Desiring her to pass the foll'wing eve  
With Hattie May, her friend ; and though aware  
That Mr. Bruce would, without doubt, be there,  
For not a moment did she hesitate  
The invitation to accept. Elate,  
Instead, she felt at thought of meeting him,  
Who once had such a favored suitor been :  
Quite confident of showing him her heart  
Had not been broken by the fickle part  
He one year since had played ; that no regret  
Her heart would trouble when again they met ;  
To let him know, if she had been deceived  
She had at least, not very deeply grieved.

Determined she would not an effort spare.  
To look her best, 'twas with unusual care  
That she that eve her pretty toilet made :  
As recent mourning colors bright forbade,  
In palest lavender she was arrayed ;  
With flowing ribbons of the purest white,  
And costly laces, beautiful as light ;  
Her jewels, pearls, on snowy neck and arms,  
Whose milky lustre from the girlish charms





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Did not detract, but added beauty gave.  
Her heart's warm blood, in throbbing, crimson waves,  
Rushed to her cheeks and there triumphant stayed,  
And with their whiteness all the evening played.  
As bright as scintillating stars, her eyes,  
And violet as winter's eastern skies,  
While in the west the sunset glory dies.  
In myriad curls low drooped her lovely hair,  
By snowy ribbon bound, and nestling there,  
Three pansies clustered, modest, sweet, and fair  
As was the girl who wore them. On her white  
Forefinger, sparkling in the brilliant light,  
Was Sumner's ring; and as she placed it there,  
Remembered Bruce had never seen her wear  
The costly pledge—at first of happy love,  
And then of saddened friendship.

Far above

All others she in beauty stood—as queen  
Of mirth and loveliness she reigned supreme  
All through the festive eve. As sweet and clear  
As chimes of silver bells upon the ear  
Her merry laughter fell, coquettish wiles  
And saucy repartee and witching smiles

Entranced all hearts ; and gayest of the gay,  
The bright eve through, was pretty Pansy Grey.

Afar, her former suitor, Henry Bruce,  
Looked on, chagrined. He thought this eve to use  
Some of his world-won, fascinating art,  
To gain his old place in the girl's proud heart,  
Although so coolly she had sent him back  
The note to her a few days since dispatched.  
And once again was he obliged to own  
That he was foiled. Indeed, the fair queen's throne  
He found was difficult for him to reach,  
So very rarely there occurred a breach  
Within the circle where she held her court.  
And deeply ruing his attempt to sport  
In former days with this proud girl's young heart,  
Resolved that even yet, ere they should part,  
Some token of continued warm regard  
She should on him bestow, however hard  
The task might be to win it.

Never yet  
Had he on woman looked with such regret,  
Such admiration, strong desire, and love,  
As now he gazed on her who seemed above—

Aye! *far* beyond his reach. One whom he might,  
Except for his mad folly, held to-night,  
Within his arms, his cherished, promised bride.  
And he determined he would there abide  
Until the love so coldly thrown away  
Once more was his, and pretty Pansy Grey  
Her haughty head should on his bosom lay,  
And while he placed upon that little hand  
The emblem of their troth, own *him* the man  
She'd choose from all the world.

At this he glanced  
To where she stood, and as her glove she'd chanced  
To just remove, the gleaming ring she wore  
Flashed back at him in language that was more  
Expressive than could any words have been,  
And that he'd been forestalled seemed telling him.

When they, that evening early, first had met,  
She greeted him with graceful ease, and yet  
A certain dignified hauteur, quite new  
In his experience of the girl. 'Tis true,  
With him she chatted for awhile with grace,  
Smiles dimpling now and then her lovely face,

Was quite at ease, was cordial, pleasant, gay,  
Did not avoid him, still, in every way,  
Showed her indifference to be profound ;  
And when he left the circle gathered 'round,  
And watched her from a distance, could but see  
She did not miss him, and that henceforth she  
His presence there did quietly ignore,  
And seemed as gay and happy as before.  
Right skilfully, indeed, Miss Pansy Grey  
The game had managed that she meant to play !

---

Days swiftly sped, and scarcely one passed by  
But that they met. With still unclouded eye,  
And graceful ease of manner meeting him,  
Then seeming to forget him, he had been  
As yet quite unsuccessful in his plans  
Fulfilling ; and at last the reckless man,  
Grown desperate, and smarting with the pain  
Of loving madly one from whom he gained  
No token that his passion was returned,  
And which, on his part, yet more fiercely burned,  
The more it hopeless seemed, resolved to close  
The farce, and for her hand at once propose ;

And thus the state of her affections learn,  
And if his love he ever could return.

With this thought fired, at once he sought her side,  
And begged an interview. She opened wide  
Her lovely eyes in manifest surprise—  
Although in truth 'twas merely a disguise  
To hide the triumph throbbing at her heart  
At the success with which she'd played her part—  
But merely said in answer to his plea:  
"To-morrow eve I disengaged shall be,  
And will with pleasure then your call receive."

He bowed, and with confusion said: "I leave  
On Monday next for home, and therefore thought,  
For sake of olden times, we surely ought  
One hour to spend together. I've, beside,  
Somewhat to say to you."

"Yes?" she replied,  
"To-morrow eve, then!"

"Thanks! Miss Grey. Good-night."  
And with a bow he vanished from her sight,  
Lost in the crowd around him.

Never yet,  
As in the weeks elapsing since they met,

Had Pansy been so charming, lovely, gay,  
O'er those around her exercised such sway ;  
While Bruce, for having madly thrown away  
A prize like this, his folly day by day  
More deeply cursed, and with the bands of love  
Became more firmly bound ; while far above,  
The star he fain would grasped, so sweetly shone,  
And seemed to be beyond *his* reach alone.

---

The next day passed, and starry evening came ;  
And with it Mr. Bruce, with fevered brain,  
And heart on fire with love's despair and hope ;  
While Pansy, fresh and cool in summer robe  
Of dainty muslin, calmly met the man  
Who came to sue that evening for her hand.

But topics commonplace were broached at first,  
On music, books, and weather they conversed,  
And Pansy sang for him, at his request,  
With cheek unchanging, songs he loved the best  
Scarce one short year ago ; while all unrest,  
He leans on her piano while she plays,  
His clouded eyes fixed on her placid face ;

And when she paused, and then at him looked up  
With smiling archness, he, in tone abrupt,  
Exclaimed, with mirthless smile and troubled air,  
And gaze fixed on her sparkling solitaire:  
“ Miss Grey, excuse me, what a lovely ring  
Is that you wear ! but may I ask one thing ?  
Does it, as one might fancy, indicate  
A bond not any man may hope to break ? ”

She blushed a little, smiled, looked down, and said,  
While lower drooped the lovely, proud young head :  
“ As pledge of troth the ring was giv’n to me,  
Though yet I wear no other, as you see ! ”

The man beside her bit his haughty lip  
In sharp despair, as thus she seemed to slip  
Still farther from his reach ; while *she* sat there,  
Her flushed cheek hidden by her drooping hair,  
And on her lips a dreamy, happy smile,  
His presence seeming to forget the while.

Filled to o’erflowing seems his bitter cup !  
And in his heart the door of hope fast shut !  
And when at last at him she glances up,



The dreamy smile still on her lip, with pain  
That seemed to rend his throbbing heart in twain,  
In bitter desperation he exclaims :

“ Oh, Pansy ! is there then no hope for me ?  
I love you madly, wildly—hear my plea ! ”  
He caught her hand ere she could turn away :  
“ Oh give me some return, I beg, I pray !  
Forgive the past, forget my folly mad,  
And to my heart come back again, come back !  
Don't turn away so coldly—Pansy, love,  
Have you for me no pity, who above  
All others worships you ? When you alone  
Within my heart must ever be enthroned ?  
My queen, my heart's-ease, speak, I beg, command,  
And tell me mine shall be this precious hand.  
Have you no word for me ? oh Pansy, speak ! ”

She drew her hand away ; her damask cheek  
Had paled to marble, and her violet eyes,  
That first were soft and blue with sad surprise,  
Now angrily in purple splendor flashed,  
While her indignant heart throbbed hard and fast,  
As he referred thus boldly to the past.

Awhile, sweet Pity in her gentle heart  
Had reigned supreme, as it was plain the part  
That he rehearsed was earnestly sincere,  
And not mere acting as the previous year.  
But when of *that* time he reminded her,  
And back there rushed the feelings that had stirred  
In those sad days her heart's profoundest depths,  
And which recalled, brought anguish even yet,  
Resentment from her throne mild Pity swept,  
And she with scorn returned :

“ Release my hand !

What word, think you, can *I* have for the man  
Who scarce one year ago so coolly planned  
To gain from me—for mere amusement, too—  
Confession of regard for him, and who,  
By all the wiles, and base, seductive arts  
Known to his treach'rous sex, to win my heart  
Made every effort, with the vile intent  
To throw away the love that he had spent  
So much of talent, time, and art to win.  
And though, thank God, he failed, what words for him,  
I say, can *I* have, saving those of scorn,  
Of my contempt and detestation born !

No ! Henry Bruce, the time has long gone by,  
When *any* bond can join us, you and I !  
Once," and her tone grew softer, "*once*, I say,  
You might have won the boon you crave to-day,  
Once I from all the world would chosen you ;  
You trifled with me ! proved how vain, untrue,  
Unworthy fond affection was your heart ;  
And now the love you'd fain to me impart  
I scorn as much as him who offers it.  
Contempt has quenched the flame of love you lit,  
And only dead gray ashes now remain ! "

She paused and glanced at him ; with fearful pain  
His lips were writhing, white as frost, his cheek,  
While in his eyes there darkly burned, and deep,  
The anguish of his slighted, hopeless love.  
And as she gazed, soft as a brooding dove's  
Became her lovely eyes, while in their depths  
Divine compassion slowly, sweetly crept.

At last he spoke : " Have pity, oh, I pray !  
Nor from my anguish coldly turn away ;  
' To err is human ; to forgive, divine ! '   
Oh, pardon then this sad mistake of mine,

And let me go away, if go I must,  
Assured of your forgiveness, pity, trust.  
See! here I kneel, your pardon to implore,  
Oh, look with kindness on me, love, once more.  
Think what my lot must henceforth be, deprived  
Of what alone could give a charm to life.  
Will not my fate sufficiently be hard,  
Without the cruel scorn of your dear heart?  
Can you not pity me, forgive, forget,  
And let me have your friendship even yet,  
If I your priceless love must not expect?"

As sweet as softest trill of happy birds,  
Was Pansy's voice, and sweeter still her words,  
As stretching forth to him her dainty hand,  
She from the floor raised the despairing man.

"Rise, Henry! I forgive, forget; no more  
Will I with scorn remember, what of yore  
Gave me such grievous pain. To-night blots out  
All errors of the past. I cannot doubt  
The truth of your repentance, and no less,  
The love sincere which you for me profess;  
And I for pardon surely could not pray,  
If mine to you I should deny this day.

I therefore fully, freely, all forgive ;  
And trust that you this passion may outlive,  
And that a love more precious far than mine,  
Across your shadowed pathway soon may shine.  
Dear friend, God bless, protect, and comfort you,  
And be your guide life's weary journey through."

She paused, then murmured soft: "Farewell, my  
friend !"

Upon his shoulder laid her hand, then bent  
And pressed with tender pity on his brow,  
Where pain had left its traces even now,  
Her soft, pure lips ; then murmured once again,  
"Take comfort, Henry ; fare-thee-well, my friend !"

A door closed softly, and he stood alone ;  
And turning, sadly left the pretty home  
Of her he loved, no more to enter there,  
Where Hope had died in arms of pale Despair.

---

Time took a step, and one more year was gone !  
The vanished months had swiftly swept along,  
And brought not much of incident to those  
Of whom I write. Fall's harvests, Winter's snows,

Spring's blossoms, Summer's verdure, all had brought  
Their pleasures with them. Every season fraught  
With varied joys had been : and Autumn now  
Had placed upon the far-off mountain's brow  
A coronet of rubies ; while the plains,  
Long shorn of all their wealth of ripened grain,  
Were brown and sere, as if they ne'er had worn  
The verdant garment careless hands had torn  
From off their fruitful bosoms.

Pansy Grey

Had watched the days and months fast slip away,  
While no event disturbed the placid calm,  
Which o'er her heart had settled, since the man  
Who once had trifled with her, she had left  
Of all his hopes for love's return bereft.  
A sigh of pity shook her gentle breast,  
As she remembered him who then addressed  
Such words of strong impassioned love to her,  
As hopeless too as deep, but could not stir  
Her heart with any answering thrill of fond  
Or sweet affection. He had slipped beyond  
The circle of her hopes, desires, and fears,  
And from her life had vanished with the year.

Within the interval thus passed away,  
Yet other suitors had Miss Pansy Grey!  
But let whoever would the girl approach,  
Her mother ever some objection broached,  
And all of them by turns had been dismissed.  
One—Charlie Strong—did for a time persist  
In his attentions to the pretty maid,  
And boldly, too, his preference displayed.  
How far between them matters had progressed,  
Before the crisis came, I must confess  
To tell I'm quite unable; and but know,  
That on the night when came the final blow  
That parted them forever, Pansy wept  
The dark hours through, nor for a moment slept,  
Until the rosy fingers of the dawn,  
Plucked off the golden stars from Heaven's lawn,  
Night's ebon casket shutting fast within,  
The gems whose splendor coming day had dimmed.  
Thus vanished one by one her dreams away,  
And all her idols soon in ruin lay.

Not *all*, as yet! one friend she still possessed.  
And deemed him ever truest, noblest, best.

Torn as her heart was oftentimes, in truth,  
With disappointment sharp, from which her youth  
Had never served to shield her, she to him  
Turned ever, as to one who held within  
His nature depths of truth and nobleness,  
Not many of his faithless sex possess ;  
And also felt assured, not any test  
Would prove him aught but manliest and best.

Her correspondence with her friend Paul Hart,  
Was still in progress ; and, on either part,  
With yet increasing pleasure carried on :  
While from it an attachment strong as fond,  
And confidence entire as rare, had sprung.  
No misconceptions jarring chords had rung,  
Misunderstandings were as yet unknown,  
And harmony and trust each missive toned.  
Were either troubled ? they had but to speak,  
And back there came a sympathy as sweet,  
As perfect and sincere. Were either glad ?  
The other also joyed ; and thus there had  
Between them come to be, of feeling, thought,  
And purpose, harmony complete. Both sought



The other's pleasure in each word they wrote,  
While back again each joy conferred did float.

Perhaps no better could I now explain  
The terms on which they stood when Autumn came,  
The year to which I've heretofore referred,  
Than here to give an extract, word for word,  
Of one of Paul's epistles to Miss Grey,  
Received by her the previous month of May.

"The week is closing as I take my pen  
To write to you, my treasured, dearest friend;  
With fears you are, by my compelled delay,  
A disappointed little girl to-day.  
My being absent for a week will show  
Why I'm delinquent; yet you surely know  
I would not thus delay to write to you,  
Did circumstances not compel me to.

"This is my birthday! and I speak of it  
With melancholy pleasure, I admit,  
If not with sadness, still with some regret  
My life has borne so little fruit as yet;  
That twenty-seven years I've lived—for what?  
Not wholly, I believe and hope, for naught,

Nor yet without a purpose ; still, to feel  
So little I've accomplished, can but steal  
The charm with which the future might been rife  
If circumstances in my early life  
Had but been diff'rent. Still, no cause, perhaps,  
Have I to thus complain. Those who in laps  
Of luxury and tender ease are reared,  
Advantages possessing year by year,  
That *I* could only dream of, after all  
Have not much *better* done.

“ But to recall

My past life in this letter, farther back  
Than doth extend the happy, golden track  
Of our acquaintance, was not my intent.  
Two years will soon have vanished since I sent  
To you my first epistle ; op'ning thus  
A correspondence which has been to us  
So pleasant ! Has it not, dear ? for I trust  
The joy it gives has not been mine alone.  
And looking backward at the years now flown,  
Among the scenes of which sweet Pansy's held  
A place most prominent, can on them dwell  
Without e'en one regret. And that is more  
Than I can say of all my life before.

How pleasant other scenes perchance have been,  
A tinge of sorrow or regret within  
Their mem'ry ever lurks. Not thus with you!  
The current of my thoughts, when to my view  
Your face arises, seen in fancy's light,  
Is placid as has been the surface bright,  
Of our majestic Mississippi, when  
Upon its banks I've stood, as o'er it bent  
The glory of a southern sunset sky,  
And as I watched the waters gliding by,  
Of you in pleasant reverie have thought.

“This for the past and present! No less fraught  
With joy, the future looms before me; fears  
For it I have none! Mayhap not for years,  
Perchance ere this one dies, our hands shall meet  
In friendly clasp, and we, my sister sweet,  
Shall know each other better far than those  
Who daily meeting, rarely yet disclose  
To each their inner self, though oft revealed  
In correspondence such as ours. I feel  
That had we met in fashion's haunts alone,  
Or e'en in daily life, we could not known

Each other's truest self one half so well  
As now we do.

“My pen must fail to tell  
What *you* have been to *me*! Nor can I help  
The thought our intercourse has been to us  
A mutual benefit; for each, I trust,  
Is better for the other having known.  
I'm sure that either, if the truth were owned,  
Sees nothing to regret, save that no more  
To smooth the other's path, oft shadowed o'er  
By heavy clouds, we had the power to do.  
Is it not so? Have we not been of true  
And sincere friends, the truest, dearest, best?  
Models of harmony? and for the rest,  
Examples proving true the theory  
That friendship 'tween the sexes there may be?  
I think so! I am much attached to you,  
And place the most entire reliance, too,  
On your sincerity and kind regard.

“So be the time that keeps us far apart  
Or long or short—if we shall meet before  
Another birthday comes, or when a score

Have passed away, oh let us still remain,  
As now, controlled by friendship's silken rein,  
The while these silent messengers shall keep  
Our spirit love alive until we meet,  
And see each other face to face at last."

This, of the letters which for two years past  
Had weekly come to Pansy from her friend,  
A fair example was. But now the end  
Was swiftly drawing nigh. Acquaintance, sure,  
Must bring some change; resolve their friendship, pure,  
Into a warmer sentiment, or leave  
Them less than friends. Whate'er *they* might believe,  
'Twas simply quite impossible they *could*  
Remain the same.

So when the distant wood  
Put on the royal robes fair Autumn brought,  
And blushed in fevered beauty, which was naught  
But premonitions of approaching death,  
And chilly blew the coming Winter's breath,  
A letter brought the tidings to Miss Grey,  
That Paul would be with her the foll'wing day.

Fast beat Miss Pansy's pulses when at last  
His ring awoke the echoes, and she passed,

With short delay, to meet her unknown friend.  
A moment pausing for composure, then  
The door she opened, and before her stood  
The visitor expected. Neither could  
At first have spoken! Silent both remained  
An instant only, then the one exclaimed  
“Pansy!”—the other “Mr. Hart!”—their hands  
Were clasped in greeting, and as Paul advanced,  
He saw a girlish figure full of grace,  
In trailing purple robes, from which a face  
All purity and sweetness loomed above—  
A girl he thought just fitted to be loved—  
And she, a man tall, dark, with noble form,  
Whose joy at meeting in the hand-clasp warm,  
And kindly glances of his handsome eyes,  
Was plainly spoken.

Each to realize

The fact they were at last together, found  
It difficult indeed ;—they half seemed bound  
By sleep’s enchantment, and the present scene  
A play enacted in the land of dreams.  
Each to the other seemed a stranger, yet  
Like old-time friends as well. In all respects

They felt a freedom only friends can claim,  
The while a sense of strangeness gave restraint.

When they the parlors reached, Paul turned again,  
And holding out his hand exclaimed: "My friend,  
You look just like yourself! just what I deemed  
Would Pansy be!"

"Yes?" she returned, while streamed  
The rich blood to her fair, soft cheek, "And you  
Are somewhat like my fancy of you too!"

And later, when beneath the brilliant lights  
Which on them fell with radiance soft and bright,  
They stood, he said again: "To be with you  
Seems very natural; and though 'tis true,  
Your pictures do not give the justice due  
To your attractions, you are very like  
Them truly, and converse just as you write.  
Nor am I disappointed yet, in aught!  
I find you much more charming than I thought."

But Pansy felt she could not say the same!  
The photograph that with his first note came,  
Had flattered him exceedingly, and he  
Was far less pleasing than she deemed he'd be.

His twenty-seven years not lightly sat  
Upon his broad, high brow : and few, in fact,  
But would have added ten years more to that,  
Had they his age attempted to divine.  
While on his fine, dark face, full many a line  
Of care or pain had deeply been impressed.  
His eyes, the finest feature he possessed,  
Were very handsome ; yet one never knew  
If they were black or gray, or brown or blue.  
They neither were, in fact, but all by turns.  
Dark-haired, full-bearded, and a mouth, if stern  
Or flexible, the long mustache concealed ;  
But when a smile his fine white teeth revealed  
And lighted up his eyes, his face became  
Transformed, and owned a subtle charm, 'twere vain  
Attempting to resist.

His manner, too,  
Though deferent, and pleasing, it is true,  
Quite gentlemanly ever, and suave,  
Still lacked the polish she had deemed 'twould have.

Thus was the lovely, but fastidious girl,  
E'en 'mid the tremulous, exciting whirl



In which his coming had her senses thrown,  
Obliged, although reluctantly, to own  
That far below the standard she had reared  
He surely fell. While she to him appeared  
Far more attractive than he deemed she would ;  
More young and fair, more lively, sweet and good.

In pleasant chat the evening passed away ;  
And one would not have thought they met that day  
As strangers, so entirely all restraint  
Was thrown aside.

Paul's letters all contained  
As many fond, endearing terms as might  
Have been bestowed upon his promised bride.  
" My treasure," " pet," " my spoiled child," and the like.

In fact, in every manner did he pet her,  
That any one could possibly by letter ;  
And though Miss Pansy scarcely felt inclined  
To grant him favors in so short a time,  
Paul so accustomed was to give to her  
Such tender words, so oft his heart had stirred  
In sweet anticipation of the day  
When they at last should meet and throw away

All barriers of restraint, now that the time  
So longed for had arrived, he seemed to find  
It hard to recollect he had no right  
To be to her as tender as he liked—  
To take her in his arms he strongly wished,  
Nor scarcely that temptation could resist.

Once bending forward, he her crimson cheeks  
Smoothed softly, gazed within her eyes so deep,  
Then said : " Oh, I expect— "

He did not close

The sentence, adding then : " I don't suppose  
You like, my dear, for me to pet you much ! "  
As Pansy seemed to shrink beneath his touch.

She laughed, and while she pushed his hand away,  
Returned : " Please finish what you meant to say !  
What is it ? you expect— " she paused—

" I fear,"

He finished for her : " Now at last I'm here,  
That I shall spoil you worse than ever, dear ! "

" Perhaps I shall not let you ! " she replied.  
Yet even after this she felt surprised,

When, later in the evening, Paul exclaimed :

“ You’ve not fulfilled your promise ! ”

“ Please explain ;

I do not understand ! ” Miss Grey replied.

“ To what do you refer ? ” She opened wide

Her eyes, and looked at him for explanation,

When he, to her surprise, and consternation,

With sudden act bent forward, and his head

Against her rocker resting, softly said :

“ My sister sweet, you told me if I came,

That I a kiss from those soft lips might claim.”

But Pansy, slightly shrinking, turned away  
Her face, and laughing shortly, answered : “ Nay !  
My meaning you mistook ! I recollect  
I said I should not, nor must you expect  
From me such favors. Do not you recall  
I told you, very nice indeed that all  
Might be to talk of, with a thousand miles  
Between us intervening all the while ?  
Did I not ask you also what you’d think  
Of any lady who would fail to shrink  
From giving such caresses to a man  
Almost a stranger ? ”

Paul took up her hand  
And raised it to his lips without reply.

The evening hours passed very fleetly by,  
And when they were about to say good-night,  
He took her hands in tender clasp, if light,  
Then said : " Dear Pansy, you are good, I know ! "

" Indeed, you do not ! time alone will show  
To you how good I am," she laughing said ;  
And then—" I think I have no foes ; instead,  
Am sure that many friends and true, I claim."

" You always have been, and will still remain,  
I trust, the dearest friend I ever had ! "

Then softly Pansy answered : " I am glad !  
I always wanted to be first, you know ! "

" I know it, yes ! " he said.

" Now I must go !  
Good-night, Paul ; pleasant dreams be yours, and sweet,  
Until the morning comes, when we shall meet ! "

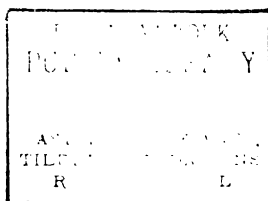
“Good-night, my sister !” with a lingering clasp,  
The two soft hands he held released at last,  
And their first eve together all was past.

---

In loveliness unrivalled dawned the morn,  
And seemed a day from early spring-time born !  
Pansy and Paul the forenoon spent alone,  
And both to see how swift the hours had flown  
Were quite astonished. Pleasant, lively chat  
On books and persons, places, and, in fact,  
On any topic chancing to be broached,  
Was interspersed with music, 'till approached  
The hour for breaking all the morning's fast.  
And when the mid-day meal at length was past,  
The sunny fingers of the perfect day  
So sweetly beckoned them to come away,  
That they prepared the summons to obey.

Although with hasty fingers Pansy made  
Her walking toilet, still she felt afraid  
That Paul would think her very long away,  
And quite impatient get at her delay.  
But when at last she hastened down the stair,  
She found him lounging in an easy chair,





Perusing quietly the pretty scene  
Which ends the "Golden Legend;" in his mien  
A sign of nothing save content supreme.  
And as against his chair Miss Pansy leaned,  
And drawing on her gloves looked o'er his book,  
He only paused to give her one fond look,  
And slipping 'round her slender waist his arm,  
Read on as if he knew no other charm  
Than that the book afforded; while his heart  
The sweetness felt in every hidden part  
Which in the tender, willing contact dwelt.  
And as to Pansy, I'm afraid she felt  
The subtle, tingling pleasure scarcely less,  
And yielded to it more, I must confess,  
Than should a model woman.

Ne'ertheless,

As I have sometime since with frankness owned,  
What also I herein have often shown,  
That Pansy Grey, my heroine, was not  
By any means perfection, trust that what  
I've freely written of the girl's defects  
Will not, my reader, lessen your respect.

All women are but frail, and weaker still  
The other sex in principle and will.



In every one is some weak point revealed,  
And tempted there they're almost sure to yield.  
And woman, though the frailer sex she's called,  
Is still expected to resist in all  
The strong temptations that may her befall;  
While he who offers them has ne'er a thought  
Of like resistance, or that there is aught  
Of obligation on himself imposed,  
To shield poor woman from the subtle foes,  
To whose beguiling wiles she's oft exposed.

Instead of guarding with his very life  
Her truth and purity, to bitter strife  
Himself subjects her tender, loving heart;  
Employing all the fascinating art  
That may avail t' induce her to depart  
From Virtue's paths of purity and peace.  
And while subjecting her to wiles like these,  
Thus basely using all his powers to please,  
And to his own wild passions giving rein,  
Expects his human sister to remain  
As chaste as snow, as cold as sparkling ice,  
And shutting up her heart as in a vice,

Through all temptations never once betray  
By word or act, look, tone, or feature's play,  
That she's possessed of passions like to his,  
Whose gratifying equal pleasure gives.

Oh fathers, husbands, brothers! is it right,  
Or justice either, thus to basely blight  
The lives of those you should with tender care  
Shield from temptation's subtle, pow'rful snare?  
Or fair, to such control from her demand,  
While *you* make no attempt at self-command?

Miss Pansy had, like all the human world,  
Her faults and frailties; and the pretty girl,  
On looking back, was forced with some surprise  
To frankly own she sometimes was not wise  
In yielding for a moment to the charm  
Which dwells within the clasp of tender arms,  
The pressure of fond lips in passion's kiss,  
Thrilling two warm young hearts with subtle bliss;  
Although her purity and self-respect  
Innate and sweet she kept intact as yet.

But Paul—he was not noble, as she thought;  
And though with seeming eagerness he sought

To win her love, when once he deemed the prize  
Had been attained, he, too, was far from wise,  
And in his vanity and self-conceit  
Allowed the girl to see he deemed complete  
His power o'er her affections ; that he thought  
Her love was his, unwished for and unsought.  
And when the proud, if loving, maiden felt  
The bitter truth, her wounded, stung heart swelled  
With indignation, and he swiftly fell  
From off the pedestal where he'd been placed,  
And from her high esteem was thus erased.

A slight misunderstanding first began  
What into discord permanent soon ran.  
He tried her fearfully in every way :  
Fretted and vexed her more than I can say :  
Her character's defects, however slight,  
Relentlessly contrived to bring to light,  
While she, to his intent entirely blind,  
Betrayed the faults he basely tried to find ;  
And as before her fairest side alone,  
Her nature's purity and strength she'd shown,  
Now her worst points as freely she revealed,  
And naught attempted ever to conceal.

Not well her cards did Pansy this time play.  
Indeed they all upon the table lay,  
And her opponent freely saw her hand,  
And in accordance did his own game plan.

The qualities she'd thought that he possessed  
In rare degree, the noblest traits and best,  
For which she gave him credit, now she found  
That he was wanting in entirety. Sound  
And true as she had ever thought his heart,  
She proved it to contain in lavish parts,  
Conceit and vanity, and selfish pride,  
And all her good opinion slowly died.  
She deemed him gen'rous also, to extremes,  
And found that only in her own fair dreams  
His generosity existed.

Thus

Soon vanished all her tenderness and trust.  
In fact they both were disappointed. He,  
In finding her so speedily to be  
Not quite the angel he had thought her,—she  
That he was not the model she had deemed.  
And yet they both were better than the mean.  
Not many of his sex have kinder hearts,

Or better principles; and had some art  
Been used by her in managing her part,  
Or she been better understood by him,  
There doubtless had no difficulty been.  
She, too, was of her sex as sound and sweet  
As any that we often chance to meet.  
But both looked through distorted eyes, and thus  
Their confidence soon vanished in distrust.

The night before 'twas Paul's intent to go,  
They had a long, calm talk, and came to know  
Each other better than they'd done before.  
And 'twas agreed that they should think no more  
Of what had been unpleasant in the week  
That they had spent together; no more speak  
About the painful past, but let it all  
Be buried deep, and lost beyond recall,  
And part the same dear friends they'd ever been.  
And Pansy held her nature sweet within,  
The pow'r to thus forgive him and forget;  
But he was too ungenerous as yet  
To do the same; and therefore when he wrote,  
Instead of saying nothing in his note,

Of what they'd both consented to ignore,  
He all unpleasant points again went o'er;  
And she with indignation throbbing hard  
At her insulted, tortured, proud young heart,  
Saw plainly 'twould be useless to believe  
That they could ever more be friends, and grieved,  
And angry, she resolved to not reply,  
And end all future intercourse thereby.

And thus her woman's heart again was torn;  
Of confidence in love or friendship shorn.  
And as she turned the blotted, blistered page,  
On which the bitter lesson was engraved,  
She felt within the depths of her sad heart  
No previous wound had borne such painful smart;  
No other task had been so hard to learn,  
No leaf so blotted she before had turned.  
Could she that fatal week lived o'er again,  
How different would the record of it been!  
She ne'er before had lost her self-respect.  
That was, she felt, the hardest burden yet,  
Which she'd been forced to bear.

And so she wept  
More for herself than for the friend she'd lost;

And who it seemed had thus her pathway crossed,  
To only leave her poor heart tempest-tossed,  
And battling with despair, regret, and pain,  
With hope, and love, and confidence all slain ;  
• To feel when from the past she turned away,  
Another lovely dream in ruins lay,  
Another idol proved but common clay.





## BROKEN DREAMS.



### BOOK SIXTH.



"What matters a few more tears,  
Or a few days' waiting longer,  
To one that has waited for years!"

OWEN MEREDITH.









# BROKEN DREAMS.

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## Book Sixth.

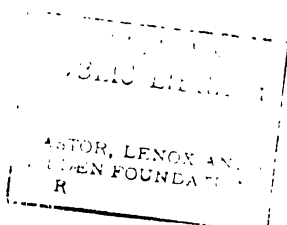
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OLD Time, his age forgetting, glided on  
Apace ! Fair Night her sable mantle donned,  
And wearing on her regal brow a crown  
Of gleaming stars, in dark-blue setting, down  
Upon the hushed and slumbering hill-clasped town,  
Now wrapped in Winter's garments soft and white,  
Looked long and lovingly. A single light  
Gleamed through the dusky veil that hid the place  
So closely clasped in Slumber's still embrace ;  
And as the Night peeped through the half-shut blind,  
From which the glimmer stole from time to time,

She saw a large, but plainly furnished room,—  
Such as those occupy whom God has doomed  
To live without the sweet delights of home,  
Where happy comfort can be found alone,—  
And close before the grate, whose glowing coals  
Long since, unheeded, paled to ashes cold,  
A tall, broad-shouldered man, with head bent down  
Upon his breast, in revery profound :  
His close-set lips, and broad, contracted brow,  
Betraying plainly that his musings now  
Were anything but pleasant, fond, or sweet.

The man had dark-blue eyes, not large nor deep ;  
His hair, his full, long beard, and curled mustache,  
Were all dark brown ; his chin in firm mould cast ;  
And though not void of charms, by any means,  
In face or manner, one would never dream  
Of thinking him a handsome man, howe'er  
The eyes that looked on him might hold him dear.  
He smiled but rarely, then with lips alone,  
Which parting, teeth revealed whose whiteness shone  
In pleasing contrast with the dark-brown beard.  
A smile so sweet that, when it first appeared,  
One gazed surprised and fascinated, while  
They watched to see again that fine, rare smile.





In movement he was somewhat slow, in speech  
Deliberate yet fluent ; and in each  
A sort of lazy grace there was, to him  
Peculiar.

His career had thus far been  
Not one of credit to himself or friends ;  
And seemed to hold in view no noble ends.  
His family was good, and he to them  
Was ever truly kind ; not many men  
Are more entirely temperate than he.  
His habits were not bad, his hand was free,  
His heart as tender as a little child's  
When suff'ring woke his sympathy ; and mild,  
And fine, and sweet his temper, such as few  
So blest are as to have. And yet, 'tis true  
That notwithstanding this, he stood outside  
The pale of good society, nor tried  
In any manner to his fame redeem,  
Or win again the people's lost esteem.  
And any mother would have shrunk with pain  
From every chance that might her daughter's name  
Connect with his.

With passions hot and strong,  
A reputation he had borne for long,

That he in dealing with the other sex  
Was quite unscrupulous ; and if correct  
The rumors were that floated to the ears  
Of his townspeople oft, 'tis to be feared  
That many a woman rued the day she met  
The man whose arts had plunged her in the depths  
Of shame and dark despair. I do not know  
How true the rumors may have been, although  
That it is difficult, I *do* know well,  
How much is false of what we hear to tell.  
Suffice it, then, such was the name he bore  
In all the town.

His thirty years and more  
Still saw the man without an aim in life,  
Still saw his home ungraced by child or wife.  
No girl in all the place could say her hand  
Had e'er been sought by him. And had the man  
Thus far stepped through the middle age of life  
Without a thought of winning him a wife,  
To fill his heart with love's divine content,  
His home with woman's sunshine ? Then what meant  
The clouded brow, and look of tender pain  
That set his lips, as through the guarded pane

The Night peeped softly ! Was his heart so cold  
No woman's face an impress warm 'twould hold ?  
Then why that tremulous and long-drawn sigh,  
That hand tight clenched, that moistened, pain-filled eye ?

A lovely face *had* long been painted there,  
And yearly to his eyes more passing fair  
Had grown the picture. As he looked to-night  
At every sweet detail in fancy's light,  
And pictured what his life would be, if blest  
With her companionship—if to his breast  
He once might press that lovely, girlish form,  
While 'round his neck with pressure soft and warm  
Her dainty arms should linger, he so longed  
With man's intensity of passion strong,  
For one caress from her so wildly loved—  
The only woman e'er his soul approved—  
It seemed as if his heart would burst with grief,  
And only love's return could give relief.  
And 'mid it all he felt with hopeless pain,  
Which they alone can know who love in vain,  
His vision never could be realized ;  
Ne'er could he gain the longed-for, precious prize,  
Nor win one tender look from those dear eyes ;



In kindly greeting never touch that hand ;  
But calmly must look on and see some man  
More fortunate, more worthy, careless wear  
The flower he would have guarded with such care.  
With love's intensity of deep despair,  
He felt the truth, she stood—oh far beyond  
His utmost reach, nor ever could respond  
To all the wealth of mighty tenderness  
Which through all time must throb within his breast  
For her and her alone.

She did not dream

How madly she was worshipped. In his mien  
Or greeting, when sometimes by chance they met,  
No token was there of the love that swept  
With such mad fury through his stormy heart.  
No glance of tenderness, no troubled start,  
No trembling tone, betrayed to her the smart  
Her careless greeting ever left with him,  
When o'er him rushed the thought "it might have been !"  
The very "saddest words of tongue or pen."  
Sadder to women often than to men.  
And only those who by experience know  
The bitter anguish, aggravating woe,

And stern despair of unrequited love,—  
Pain one can never conquer, which above  
All sounds of revelry, all happy song,  
Will ring its anguished sobbings sad and strong—  
I say, those only that such woe have known  
Can realize what pen has never shown,  
The weary wailings of a loving heart,  
Lonely, unsatisfied, with constant smart,  
Longing for that content, sweet peace, and rest  
With which were love returned it might be blest.

The world seems all at odds! Those whom we *should*  
Hold dearest ever seem to us less good,  
Less worthy of our highest, sweetest love,  
And by our hearts less warmly are approved,  
Than others who are far beyond our reach.  
While those whom reason, conscience, custom teach  
No aspiration we should have to win,  
Seem to our dazzled eyes to hold within  
Their perfect natures all the gifts we prize.  
Seem loveliest and best, most sweet and wise.  
Most capable to fill our empty hearts  
With all the joy a perfect love imparts,  
And all our finest powers to employ.  
Yet those most loving rare their love enjoy.

We grasp at what but labor can obtain,  
While all within our reach seems worthless, vain;  
And Satan laughs and Christ looks down with pain,  
To see from sin how little we abstain;  
How weak our human natures, and above  
All else, how potent is our finite love.

Strong as was this man's passion, he had kept  
His secret well. Of all the tears he wept  
Over his idol ne'er to be attained,  
Of all his hours of dreary, hopeless pain,  
Of all his longings, powerful as vain,  
None ever dreamed. One friend alone had guessed  
The secret sorrow in this man's proud breast.  
And all *his* knowledge was surmise alone.  
A lawyer, Edward Vernon, who had known  
For long this David Golden, known him well  
And called him friend, had marked the troubled swell  
Of this man's strong, proud bosom, when there fell  
Athwart his gaze a certain form and face  
Of girlish beauty and unconscious grace:  
Had noted, too, the bright'ning of his eye  
When she appeared, th' involuntary sigh  
That shook his bosom when the girl passed by,

And drew his own conclusions : how correct  
They might perchance be, he did not expect  
To be informed by him. And thinking too  
That there was little hope for him, 'tis true,  
He never broached the subject save to one—  
His wife—who half believed she might be won.  
It happed the girl was intimate with her,  
And she determined, should a chance occur  
To ascertain her feelings toward him,  
To take advantage of it. There had been  
As yet no opportunity to find  
How he might stand within the fair girl's mind.

And so to-night he sat by his dead fire,  
Struggling with passion's unfulfilled desire,  
Hopeless—unloved by her whose witching face  
Came up to taunt him with his love misplaced ;  
While her dear name on every page was traced  
In mem'ry's book, whose leaves to-night he turned,  
While in his heart such bitter longing burned.  
And "reading backward" all the record drear  
Of, oh, so many weary, weary years,  
He felt life held for him but pain and tears.

Since first he looked upon her lovely face,  
Then but a tiny child's, a sacred place  
Within his heart she'd held ; and he could trace  
With faithful pencil every after change  
Which had her pure life varied. Naught his range  
Of loving vision ever could escape.  
And he had felt at times his heart must break,  
As watching from afar he saw her wooed  
By those he knew must be by her approved,  
And placing to his lips the bitter cup  
Of resignation, gave his darling up.  
But when he saw the favored one dismissed,  
And knew she still was free, he could but list  
With eager ear to Hope's suggestions sweet,  
And let her whisper ease the pain that beat  
Through each pulsation of his tortured heart,  
And comfort, though it might be slight, impart.

---

And what of Pansy Grey ! How sped the time  
With her, this little heroine of mine !  
Right swiftly flew the days, or bright or drear,  
'Till o'er the threshold of another year  
Her dainty feet had stepped. Her mind still held  
The mem'ry of the pain that last had swelled

Her proud young heart to bursting. When she felt  
Her latest dream slip from her loving grasp,  
And with humiliation's bitter clasp  
Her tortured soul close hugging, felt with shame  
That for its ruin she was much to blame ;  
The while she could but think with calm contempt  
Of him whose friendship had so little meant.  
But in her royal nature still there lay  
The pow'r to thrust such memories away ;  
To silence all regret for what was past,  
And ne'er could be recalled, and let the last  
Unpleasant lesson wisdom teach her heart,  
Restraining her the while from such a part  
Again enacting.

Taking all her grief

To Him, who in His loving hands relief  
As full as sweet doth hold for all our pain,  
Whose comfort none shall ever seek in vain,  
She left it all with Him ; and on His breast  
Wept all her troubled grief away, and blest  
With His continued love, His tender smiles,  
Came forth from what to her seemed grievous trials,  
With strength increased, completer purity  
Of heart and life, a sweet maturity

Of thought and act, and—what a rarity  
Has long become—a noble charity  
For others' faults; all which but added much  
Unto a nature erst so fine, a touch  
Of dignity imparted to an air  
So full of sweetness ever, to her fair,  
Sunshiny face an added brightness gave,  
And in her every act a grace betrayed  
As new as it was charming.

Sweet content

Had crept into her heart! and wisely meant,  
She felt her trials all had been, and sent  
By One who loved her with a love profound,  
A tenderness whose fulness knew no bounds,  
And bending 'neath her Saviour's chast'ning rod  
With sweet submission, murmured low, "Oh God,  
My King, my Master, let Thy will be done,  
Forgive and bless Thy child, through Christ, Thy Son."

---

The brilliance of a fleeting winter's day,  
Whose sunshine's golden glory gayly lay  
On high-piled banks of newly fallen snow,  
Blushing beneath the Day-God's ardent glow,  
Was dimming rapidly, when Pansy sat

In close-cut cloak and small coquettish hat,  
In Mrs. Vernon's pleasant rooms, a chat  
Enjoying with her friend. The talk had turned  
On David Golden; and a soft flush burned  
Upon the girl's fair cheek, and in her heart  
She felt a little sudden flutter start,  
As Mrs. Vernon carelessly remarked :  
" I fancy David would be very kind  
To one he loved, and should he ever find  
A woman suited to his heart and mind,  
Who his affection could return in kind,  
I think his wife would have a very true  
And tender husband; Pansy, do not you? "

The girl's deep blushes very eloquent  
To Mrs. Vernon seemed, and quite content  
She felt at her experiment's success,  
As Pansy answered soft: " I think so; yes! "

Above her work the lady bent her head,  
The subject dropped as nothing more was said.  
Pansy in silence through the casement looked,  
Her nervous fingers toying with a book  
That rested in her lap; her lovely eyes  
On vacancy were fixed. She felt surprised



That this man's name should move her thus, nor could  
Sufficient cause discover why it should.  
Was she a woman he could love, or he  
One who to her could ever dearer be?  
She spoke on impulse but a moment since;  
Was she of what she uttered quite convinced?  
She never gave the subject thought before,  
Nor was the question settled, when the door  
Was opened wide, and Mr. V. walked in.  
She rose to greet him, chatted too with him  
A moment gayly, then prepared to go.

"Miss Grey, you cannot walk through all this snow!"  
The man exclaimed—"Stay! I've a friend out here,  
I'll send him round to drive you home, my dear!  
You'll ride with him? 'Tis David Golden!"

"No!"

"Oh no!" Miss Pansy answered: "do not go,  
'Tis but a step, I do not mind the snow."

"I'll send him 'round at once; I know you'll ride?"

"Indeed—"

"Yes, yes, she will!" his wife replied;

"I promise for her, go and send him here.

'Tis tiresome walking in the snow, my dear!"

"You both conspire against me, I'm afraid ;  
I scarcely know the man !" and Pansy played  
Confusedly with muff and tassels, smiled  
And frowned, amused and vexed as well.

Meanwhile,

Squire Vernon strode to where he left his friend ;  
"I found Miss Grey in-doors, and said I'd send  
You, David, 'round to drive her home. You'll go ?"

"Why *should* I ? she'd not ride with me, I know !"

"Oh yes, she will ; drive on, my friend, and see !"

A moment later 'neath the great elm-tree,  
Which, when in Summer's heavy dress arrayed,  
Bent o'er the gate with flick'ring light and shade,  
A handsome team drove up ! Two well-matched bays  
Pranced restlessly before a fairy sleigh  
Well filled with heavy robes, while silv'ry bells  
With merry music on the clear air fell,  
At every motion of the fiery steeds.

The man stepped out and waited ; though, indeed,  
With little hope that he should be allowed

The pleasurē he desired. His clouded brow  
Betrayed the doubt he felt, but nothing showed  
The strong desire with which his soul o'erflowed.  
Hope and Despair, a conflict fierce and sharp,  
In that brief moment waged within his heart.  
But Hope proclaimed her triumph when the door  
Was opened, and, the ladies' farewells o'er,  
The slender, graceful figure of the girl,  
Who held within her hand his heart's whole world,  
Tripped down the walk and soon stood at his side :  
The clouded brow was gone ! Despair had died,  
And Hope leaped high within his tender heart ;  
While through his pulses with a sudden start,  
The sensitive life-current bounded fast,  
As he her white hand took in tender clasp,  
And placed her in her seat. A moment more,  
And he was by her side, and gliding o'er  
The sparkling, crusted track, far past her door,  
With no remonstrance from the girl that sat  
Close at his side.

The drive to her, in fact,  
Was only less delightful than to him.  
The snow, though fresh, had hardly trodden been,

By constant travel through the lovely day,  
And white as marble in the shadow lay,  
While where the sunset's roses on it fell,  
'Twas pink as woman's blushes, when there swells  
Within her heart the musical refrain  
That echoes to the sweetly solemn strain  
Of love's triumphant pæan, sung by one  
Whose heart with hers in harmony is strung.  
The sky above was one unclouded arch,  
Whereon Night's Royal Highness had her march  
Begun already. Blue the broad expanse  
Far overhead, where in his proud advance,  
The sun had shook from off his golden robe  
Some gleaming sparks that spangled all the road  
With starry glory, faintly shining now,  
But when behind the distant mountain's brow  
The God of Light should vanish, they would gleam  
With bright effulgence, and their radiance seem  
Like eyes of angels—peeping through the light  
And misty veil that from our finite sight  
Shuts in the heav'nly glory—keeping guard  
Above the sleeping world, wrapped in the dark  
And gloomy robes of night. The western skies  
With golden, crimson, amber, purple dyes

Were radiant, while at the eastern bounds,  
The violet border sweeping grandly down  
To reach the mountain summits, lost its hue  
Above in rose which melted into blue.  
The bounding stream was clasped in icy hands,  
Which held the sulky waters as with bands  
Of gleaming steel or iron ; while on its bright,  
Translucent, glassy surface, forms of light  
And graceful beauty—forms as well of strong  
And manly outlines, glided swift along ;  
The while from happy hearts a snatch of song  
Oft ringing out, and blending with the bells,  
With witching sweetness on the clear air fell.

Would Pansy be a woman, not to feel  
The magic of the scene's perfection steal  
Through all her active senses ? not to yield  
To that entrancing charm that ever dwells  
Within the melody of tinkling bells,  
When prancing steeds o'er tracks of crusted snow  
Bear on a happy burden ? not to show  
In eye and smile, and cheek's bewitching glow,  
The pleasure she enjoyed ? And would the man  
Who sat beside her, holding in his hand

The guiding ribbons, to his sex belong,  
If harmony of bells and merry song  
And all the loveliness of earth and sky  
Were not unheeded, while his longing eye  
Might dwell upon a picture still more fair,  
More precious far to him?—while sitting there,  
So close her perfumed breath might sweep his cheek,  
So near their shoulders met in contact sweet,  
Which made his trembling pulses faster beat,  
Was one he loved? whom in his wildest dreams  
He'd never hoped might thus against him lean  
In seeming confidence and kind regard.  
He shut his teeth and drew his breath in hard,  
In efforts to resist the impulse strong  
To take this girl that he had loved so long  
Close to his throbbing heart, now that she sat  
Within his longing reach; now that a fact  
His wishes had become, and they at length  
Were thus alone together. All his strength  
Was requisite in efforts to repress  
The utterance of the mighty tenderness  
Which swelled within his heart.

She little knew

What perfect bliss to him, what torture too,

This hour with her was giving ! Only felt  
That in his smile a fascination dwelt,  
As sweet as subtle ; that he looked at her  
With glances which with sudden tremor stirred  
The life-blood at her heart—that bent her head  
And flushed her cheek with rose.

Not much was said !

Miss Pansy felt a trifle shy with him,  
So very slight had their acquaintance been,  
And he in eager draughts was drinking in  
The gladness of her presence.

You who long  
And vainly, too, have loved, with passion strong  
And potent as was his, and seen at last  
Your brightest dreams, and fondest longings pass  
To sweet fulfilment,—*you* will understand  
How much these moments were to this proud man.

A sudden start of his impatient steeds,  
Seemed some excuse affording him, indeed,  
To draw his arm around the lady's waist,  
And thus securely keep her in her place.  
That he had *caused* the start, I cannot say ;  
Although so like a man to take that way

To his desire accomplish. I but know  
Th' excuse to act upon he was not slow ;  
And though he dared not draw his darling close,  
E'en in that slight embrace he felt the most  
Intense, exquisite pleasure. Thus at last  
To hold his love within his arm's sure clasp,  
Was joy enough for once, he felt, and so  
Refrained from startling her by further show  
Of tenderness, lest she should not again  
Confer such pleasure on him.

Only when  
The town they were approaching, and he knew  
He must release the girl, for one or two  
Brief, blissful moments, was his careless clasp  
Around her tightened, while so hard and fast  
His fond heart throbbed, had he a woman been  
Tears would his strong emotion melted in.  
And when her gate was reached, and from the sleigh  
He lifted her, and she looked up to say :  
"Thanks, Mr. Golden ! I've enjoyed the ride  
Exceedingly !" he joyfully replied,  
The while his heart with hope and fear beat fast :  
"I'm glad you found it pleasant ! May I ask  
That you will favor me again, Miss Grey ?"



"Oh yes, with pleasure !" and she turned away,  
As he with bow and smile stepped in his sleigh,  
And glided swiftly on.

It seemed to him,  
Asleep and dreaming he had surely been,  
When he attempted first to realize  
The fact that she, this woman whom he prized  
Above all others, had, for one sweet hour,  
Sat close beside him ; and no earthly power  
Could snatch from him the blessed consciousness  
That once his arms had held her to his breast—  
She scarce resisting the impassioned press—  
That once he'd clasped her little soft white hands,  
While in his face she looked with kindly glance.  
And as he sat before his fire that night,  
He felt his life had grown so wondrous bright,  
That all his future path must glow with light.

And what of Pansy ? Well, she could but own  
A feeling quite unlike all she had known  
Before, was nestling in her heart. She felt  
Surprised to know what subtle power dwelt  
In this man's glance, and rarely lovely smile.  
She'd known him slightly for a long, long while ;

In fact, since she was but a "wee sma'" child ;  
And thought of him most kindly, it is true,  
Since he to her a tiny packet threw  
One day some years ago, wherein she found  
A golden cross, with large, clear pearls set 'round.  
The packet she with care had laid away,  
Just as it came to her that summer day.  
No one but her the pretty gift had seen—  
She never wore it !

Yet she did not dream  
That such a circumstance would e'er occur,  
As had this pleasant afternoon to her ;  
That she should drive with him, without demur  
Submit to have his arm around her waist,  
Which there-so gently, tenderly was placed,  
And give her free consent to ride again  
With one she felt could scarce be called a friend,  
So very slightly did she know the man.

Yet after all she seemed to understand  
By intuition, that a motive lay  
Beneath the tenderness that he betrayed  
All through the hour which they together spent,  
More deep and strong—that something more was meant

Than just the passing pleasure any man  
Would have in pressing woman's soft white hands,  
In holding to his heart a fair young girl  
Who chanced to sit beside him, in the whirl  
Of sweet, delirious pleasure, which to hearts  
Young, gay, and loving such a drive imparts.  
His tenderness seemed much too deep and grave,  
To but the troubling be of passion's waves ;  
His manner bore to her too much respect  
To be mere trifling, and although as yet  
She scarcely thought he loved her, could but guess  
'Twere not impossible his tenderness  
Might into love's divine intenseness melt,  
Nor much displeasure at the prospect felt.





## BROKEN DREAMS.



### BOOK SEVENTH.



"Love hath set.  
Our days in music, to the self-same air!"

OWEN MEREDITH.



"I know that tender friends of me  
Have talked with broken hint and glance—  
The choicest flowers of calumny,  
That seem, like weeds, to spring from chance.  
That small, small, imperceptible  
Small talk, which cuts like powdered glass  
Ground in Tophana—none can tell  
Where lurks the power the poison has!  
I may be worse than they would prove,  
(Who knows the worst of any man?)  
But right or wrong, be sure my love  
Is not what they conceive, or can."

OWEN MEREDITH.







# BROKEN DREAMS.

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## Book Seventh.

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SPRING kissed the palsied earth to bounding life!  
With bloom and verdure every nook was rife;  
With melody the soft, sweet air was fraught,  
From warbling bird and laughing brooklet caught.  
To two glad hearts a new enchantment dwelt  
In leaf and bud and bloom—new charms were felt  
In balmy air, and rippling stream, and song  
Of bird and bee, with which the sweet day long  
Was vocal.

David Golden seemed to breathe  
A new and sweeter atmosphere; to leave

The old life, with its weary, vague unrest,  
Its pains, its follies, and unworthy quests,  
Far, far behind him ; while, with perfect joy  
That thrilled his heart whate'er his time employed,  
He revelled in the consciousness so sweet,  
That he his love might almost daily meet,  
Assured he should from her no words receive  
But those of gracious kindness—never leave  
The charming girl without some blessed mark  
Of having gained within her pure, young heart  
A higher place, without a blush and smile  
So sweet and witching that he felt beguiled  
Far deeper into love's mysterious maze ;  
While fairy Hope tinged all the perfect days  
With sweetest hues of rose, and all his life  
With dreamy pleasure and content was rife.

And as to Pansy, in her guileless heart,  
She felt to life a new emotion start !  
A joy which beautified all common things,  
Which brightened every care, and threw bright rings  
Of sunlight over every daily cloud,  
That oftentimes threat'ningly above her bowed.  
For not all brightness was the fair girl's life,  
And with vexations sore each day was rife.

But now they seemed mere trifles, viewed with eyes  
So filled with happy light, that rosy dyes  
Seemed tinging every dark-hued, weary care.  
Life seemed to grow bewilderingly fair,  
While in a dream of pleasure sped the hours,  
And every moment blushed with Hope's sweet flowers  
Which Love's glad hands swift gathered. Ne'er before  
Had she approached the threshold of a door  
Which opened on a scene so passing fair,  
As that she saw while on Hope's winding stair  
Her shy, reluctant feet were ling'ring. Bright,  
Beyond her utmost fancy, was the light  
Love shed upon her future. Never yet,  
In all her life's most pleasant retrospect,  
Had such content been cradled in her heart,  
Such sweet, entrancing joy filled every part,  
Such pleasure through her bounding pulses thrilled,  
As that which now each happy moment filled.

Ne'er blushed such witching beauty in her face,  
Ne'er owned her manner such entrancing grace,  
Ne'er rang her happy laugh so wondrous sweet,  
Ne'er through her tones did such sweet music leap,  
As in the past few pleasant, perfect weeks.



And was it *love* that threw such golden gleams  
Athwart her path? Had all her "broken dreams"  
The blight of love's resemblance been alone,  
And had she ne'er the one grand passion known  
Until this man, with his bewitching smile,  
Had crossed her path, and with a word beguiled  
Her heart from out her keeping? leaving there  
A happiness so perfect, that she cared  
But little for its loss. And *this* man too!  
Whom—though he ever treated her, 'tis true,  
With deference and most profound respect—  
She knew in social life had never stepped  
Within the circle where she'd ever moved,  
And that her choice would be by none approved,  
Should she consent to give to him her life,  
And be, when he should ask, his tender wife.

But then, what matter if she loved the man!  
And if to him she chose to give her hand,  
Why need her friends presume to interfere,  
In int'rest's that were hers alone, 'twas clear.  
And when she only would be forced to bide  
The consequences of her act. No right  
Had any to objection make, except

Her mother, and by her she must expect  
To be opposed, whose'er she might select.

But *did* she love him? swiftly flushing cheek,  
As through her veins her heart's warm current leaped  
And thrilled her rampant pulses—softened eye,  
And happy smile, made eloquent reply.  
Oh yes! at last she loved! and if in vain,  
If blighted all her brilliant hopes became,  
She'd find that sharp as might have been the pain  
Which she had suffered as her idols fell  
In days long past, 'twas but a little swell  
Of shallow, turbid water, when compared  
With wasted love's broad ocean of despair.  
That she a broken heart had now to mourn,  
And not a fleeting, shattered dream alone.

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The pleasant drive that winter afternoon  
By other pleasant ones was followed soon;  
And only had the sweet initial proved  
To that companionship, which into love  
Had ripened trusting friendship. Neither knew  
One doubt that reciprocity was true,

And in each other's passion being pure,  
And lasting as 'twas sweet, they felt secure.

He'd sweetly told his love a thousand times—  
In softened eye, and trembling tone, and mine  
Of tenderness, which in his rare, sweet smile  
Dwelt ever, in his arm's embrace the while  
They glided o'er the paths of trodden snow,  
Or walked at eve together, while the glow  
Of sunset lingered on the hill-tops far,  
Above which gleamed the brilliant "evening star,"—  
But never yet in words! Though either knew  
Not much the speech their joy could add unto.

Soon after this companionship began,  
Aside, one day, Squire Vernon took the man,  
And said: "There's somewhat that I wish to say  
To you, my friend, in reference to Miss Grey.  
I've noticed your attentions have become  
Of late quite marked. I think she might be won,  
And if you love the girl, as I suspect,  
Although her friends may possibly object,  
I hope and think you still might have success.  
For when my wife to her one day expressed

The thought that you would very tender prove  
To one you loved, as well as kind and true,  
And her opinion urged her to express,  
With many blushes, said, 'I think so; yes!'  
We have with her much influence, you know,  
And you together we were first to throw;  
And if you wish to win the fair girl's hand,  
You'll our assistance have. *But understand,*  
You must not trifle with her; recollect  
A word from us might lessen her respect,  
And ruin all your prospects. Be as true  
As in her purity she'll be to you,  
And you will give her only what's her-due,  
And have our very kindest wishes too."

"You need not fear! I've loved her all my life,  
And she shall be my true and honored wife,  
Can her consent be won. I would not harm  
My darling, sooner than this strong right arm  
I'd thrust within that glowing, molten fire.  
I'd trifle, think, with one that I desire  
Above all else, to make my cherished wife?  
You need not fear; I'd guard her with my life;

She's sacred as a mother to her child ;  
My love is pure, if 'tis intense and wild."

With this reply Squire Vernon was content.  
And on to happy love their friendship went.  
They drove and walked together, sometimes met  
In Mrs. Vernon's parlor, but as yet  
He seldom called to see her at her home,  
Although she often wished it. Having known  
Too well the place he held in people's minds,  
From paying her attentions of the kind  
That should arouse suspicions in her friends,  
For long he shrunk ; and 'till he could depend  
On Pansy's constancy, whate'er opposed,  
He felt unwilling rashly to disclose  
Their standing to each other, unto those  
Who'd be, he knew, too likely to object.  
And they his motives surely would suspect,  
When he to visit her should once begin.  
And though much pleasure 'twould afforded him  
To be thus openly received by her,  
Too much was yet at stake, he felt, to stir  
An opposition recklessly, that might  
The new-born hopes he cherished serve to blight,

And snatch his darling from his eager grasp.  
And so he waited, 'till he felt his clasp  
On her affections had become secure  
Enough, her constancy to render sure.  
And so they dreamed away the summer hours,  
By stream and mead, in leafy, rustic bowers,  
And every path they trod was strewn with flowers.

But never yet the "course of love" ran smooth!  
And Pansy realized full soon the truth  
That hers was no exception to the rule.  
But having many lessons in the school  
Of sad experience been taught, had learned  
'Twere best that one should not be always turned  
By others' selfish wishes from the way  
They like to enter; and that duty lay  
In sacrifice not only, but 'twas true  
As well, that something to one's self was due.  
She'd yielded much to others in the past,  
And think of self she felt 'twas time at last.  
She knew strong opposition to her choice  
She might expect; but listening to the voice  
That made such music in her loving heart,  
She felt with all her summer friends she'd part

For him she loved ; and thus herself prepared  
To meet whatever came. Nor was she spared  
The dreaded trial long.

Miss Hattie May,  
A friend most intimate, soon turned away  
With scorn from her who chose to exercise  
Her right to act without the sought advice  
Of all her so-called friends. To give the man  
That loved her, both her willing heart and hand,  
Regardless whether they approved or not.  
And so Miss May her friend's acquaintance dropped,  
And many others soon had done the same.  
But pained as Pansy felt to find how vain  
And worthless had the friendship proved of those  
She all her life had known, and e'er supposed  
Her true and tender friends, no one would dream  
She marked their disaffection ; for her mien  
More smiling, careless, haughty, proud, and gay,  
Had never been, than in the early days  
Of their affected coolness. On her way  
She went as calmly, sweetly, as if naught  
But purest joy her latest love had brought.

Her mother nothing said, until the man  
To visit Pansy at her home began ;

Although she scarcely could in ignorance been,  
Of her accustomed walks and drives with him.  
But when she openly his calls received,  
The mother longer would not be deceived.  
'Twas getting serious at length, she feared,  
And thought it time that she should interfere,  
Lest her attendant, careful, patient, kind,  
She'd lose, and never such another find.  
She fumed and fretted for a little time,  
Grew captious and impatient to extremes ;  
But Pansy still continued quite serene—  
Although surmising what the new mood meant—  
And braced herself for what she knew was pent .  
Behind that frowning brow and angry mien,  
And waited calmly for the dreaded scene.  
Ere many days the pending tempest broke,  
And Mrs. Grey with sneering manner spoke :

“ Pansy, what gentleman was here last eve ? ”

“ Last eve ? oh, David Golden, I believe ! ”  
And Pansy to the very lips grew white,  
And drew her chair from out the brilliant light.

“ What ! David Golden ? that low man, my dear ? ”



What possibly could bring the fellow here ?  
Or was it Temple that he came to see ? ”

“ Oh no, mamma, his visit was to me ! ”  
Her tone was careless, though her heart stood still,  
Then bounded madly, ’till it seemed to fill  
Her veins to bursting.

“ *You ?* ” said Mrs. Grey,  
“ And why on *you* should he be calling, pray !  
What can *my* daughter have to say to him ! ”

And Pansy answered calmly, though within  
Her darkened eyes an angry splendor flashed,  
And indignation in her heart throbbed fast :  
“ Why is it gentlemen their visits pay  
To ladies commonly ? ”

And Mrs. Grey  
With scorn returned : “ A *gentleman*, my dear,  
Might have some reason for a visit here.  
In such a case ’twould not be strange at all !  
For gentlemen on ladies often call  
With hope, and with intent to win their hands.  
But why the visits of this low-born *man*  
My daughter should receive, I must confess  
I’m wholly at a loss to even guess.”

Now this was rather more than Pansy's high  
And haughty temper well could brook. With eye  
All fire, and angry tone, she made reply :  
" This *man*—or him you've designated thus—  
Is not by birth inferior to us,  
As you must know. And, strange as it may be,  
The motive for the visits paid to me  
Was what you say you fail to understand :  
The wish, intent, and hope to win my hand.  
And what is more, he's like to have success ;  
For when he asks it, I shall answer ' Yes ! ' "

" Indeed ! you will ! suppose that I object ? "

" Mamma, I've ever paid a due respect  
To your desires howe'er they might conflict  
With my intents or wishes. You'll admit  
That many *gentlemen* who strongly wished  
To win my love have been by me dismissed  
In consequence of your objections. So,  
From past experience, I can but know  
*Whoever* might to me attentions pay,  
E'en though desirable in every way,  
By you with favor would not be received.  
And though I cannot tell how deeply grieved

I am at being forced to disregard  
Your wishes in this matter, howe'er hard  
It may be, I believe that something's due  
To me, my dear mamma, no less than you ;  
And finding it is useless to attempt  
To please you by my choice, 'tis my intent  
To please myself at least. And when this *man*,  
As I before have said, shall ask my hand,  
I shall with pleasure gratify his wish."

" You shall not do it ! Pansy, I insist  
You see the man no more ! Forbid again  
His entrance to my house. Remember, then,  
I will not have it ! Do you understand ?  
That you should stoop to *think* of such a man !  
What thus bewitches you I cannot tell."

And Pansy answered firmly: " Very well !  
If here at home he cannot visit me,  
We elsewhere surely shall each other see.  
I'm quite resolved I will not give him up,  
'Tis useless talking ! let the matter drop ! "

" Then leave the room at once, nor let me see  
Your face again to-night. Send Ann to me."

And Pansy with an aching heart obeyed,  
And felt for love a heavy price she paid.  
But still she did not waver ; thought the right  
Was on her side, and hoped her mother might  
In time more reason exercise, o'ercome  
Her strong aversion to her wedding one  
Her heart had chosen, or at least relent  
Sufficiently to give her own consent  
To what she could not hinder. But the days  
Passed rapidly along, and Mrs. Grey's  
Ill-temper did not cease ; and she contrived  
To make almost unbearable the life  
Of her who still with such unwearied care  
To every want administered, and spared  
No efforts for her happiness and ease,  
Though nothing she could do appeared to please.

And so the moonlight walks and twilight drives  
Continued, and were all that kept alive  
Sweet hope and courage in the girl's tried heart.  
His tenderness new strength to act her part  
In life's stern daily battle gave to her ;  
And petty trials, which so vexing were,  
His love enabled her with patience sweet,  
With kind, forbearing gentleness to meet,

Until her nature, erst so wondrous fine,  
Seemed growing rarer, sweeter, all the time.

The village gossips, with suspicious eyes,  
And shaking heads, beheld the twilight drives,  
The evening walks, and thought 'twere right and wise  
For them to interfere. Somewhat surprised  
Was Pansy to receive from Mrs. May  
And one or two beside, a call one day  
About midsummer.

More confounded still  
Was she when Mrs. May said: "Pansy will,  
I trust, excuse me if I now refer  
To matters which perchance may be to her  
Somewhat unpleasant. Possibly, Miss Grey,  
You may not be aware what people say  
Of your connection lately with a man  
On whom you scarcely would bestow your hand.  
And if you *should* thus far yourself forget,  
It could but cause you much profound regret.  
None think, of course, you mean to marry him,  
And thus your frequent walks and drives have been  
A source of much unkindly comment here.  
And so I thought a duty 'twas, my dear,

To warn you, and prevent your taking steps  
You might hereafter bitterly regret."

Miss Pansy listened, but with flashing eye,  
With haughty smile, and bearing proud and high.  
Her cheeks' indignant flushes came and went,  
And with sarcastic coolness, calm contempt,  
Her voice rang clearly, when at last she spoke:

"Well, Mrs. May! 'tis greatly to be hoped  
Stern duty's dictates you will e'er obey  
As readily as you have done to-day.  
But, though you doubtless many thanks expect  
From me for so much kindness (?), I regret  
I'm quite incapable of gratitude  
To those who thus, unwarranted, intrude  
In matters even they, I think, must own  
Concerns myself most nearly and alone.  
Your power, too, you wholly overrate,  
When thinking any steps I choose to take  
May be prevented by your kind (?) advice.  
But possibly you do not realize  
I'm not a child, and thus may be supposed  
My own affairs to know, as well as those

They scarcely can concern. I'm able, yet,  
To manage them myself; and beg you'll let  
Them trouble you no more. Assured of this,  
That I shall doubtless marry whom I wish,  
Regardless as to who I thus shall please  
Or fail to gratify. Your mind at ease  
I trust may be hereafter. *But*, think twice  
Ere meddling thus again, is my advice."

She rose, and bidding them "good-afternoon,"  
With haughty grace she glided from the room,  
And sending Ann to show them to the door,  
Felt much relieved the interview was o'er.  
And as upstairs with proud, firm step she went,  
Hot anger, indignation, and contempt,  
In curling lip and flashing eye were shown.  
But when at last she found herself alone,  
Her heart swelled high with aggravating pain,  
As she reviewed the interview again,  
And fancied all the hard, unjust remarks,  
That doubtless had been made, and which in part  
She'd half surmised before, in consequence  
Of studied coolness of her former friends.  
She little dreamed that such a thing to her  
By any chance would ever have occurred.

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And bitterly the proud girl writhed beneath  
The consciousness that such things should be breathed  
By quondam friends of her.

The path of love

Was not all strewn with roses, nor above  
Did sunny skies at every step bend down.  
She felt that did she win the blessed crown  
Of wedded happiness, 'twas but through pain  
And tears and grief the prize would be attained.  
And then she wondered if the man she loved,  
Of such a sacrifice would worthy prove.  
And just a hint of doubt crept in her heart,  
Suggesting it were possible the part  
Which he was acting was not quite sincere;  
And that to him she might not be so dear  
As she had fancied : he had never yet  
The words " I love you " uttered. And forget  
The character he hitherto had borne,  
She sometimes found it difficult ; and mourned  
That her affections she had placed at last,  
On one whose reputation in the past  
Had not been enviable, to say the least :  
And though to her he ever had been pleased

To show profound respect, how could she tell  
But *her* heart he'd been playing with, as well.  
Experience had taught her to distrust  
Men's motives in affairs of love, and thus  
It were not wonderful if she sometimes,  
Within her love and confidence, should find  
The subtle poison of distrust had crept.

And so poor Pansy, proud, but loving, wept,  
As many others of her sex have done,  
Above the shattered idols, one by one  
Torn from her grasp, to find how much deceit  
And heartlessness the world contained, how deep  
The canker 'neath the lovely surface lay.  
And from it all with pain she turned away,  
To Him, the ever true, the ever kind,  
And in Whose love she never failed to find  
A balm for every woe, for every grief  
A solace, comfort, and a sweet relief.





## BROKEN DREAMS.



### BOOK EIGHTH.



"Who would not lightly lose the world  
To keep such love?"

OWEN MEREDITH.



"These dear moments  
Repay the sorrows of a weary life  
Of waiting, fading hopes. Thou lovest me!"

J. C. HERWOOD.







# BROKEN DREAMS.

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## Book Eighth.

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THE glowing sunlight of an afternoon  
Far into August, tipped the green festoons  
Of drooping vines on trellised portico  
With gleams of burnished gold. The brilliant glow  
In fretted flickers creeping through the screen  
Of floating sprays of vivid, shaded green,  
Fell on a graceful figure sitting there,  
And rested on her wealth of flowing hair  
Like crowns of golden glory. Pure and fair  
And fresh and sweet as ever seemed the girl,  
And happy smiles her rose lips often curled,

As musingly her velvet cheek she leaned  
Upon her soft white hand, and brightly dreamed  
Of what the eve for her might have in store.

Her friend's long absence of two weeks or more,  
To-night would end ; and she in rev'rie sweet  
Looked forward to the time when they should meet ;  
No shade of sadness, no forebodings dark,  
The gladness tinted of her loving heart ;  
No doubt his joy would be as deep, entire,  
At meeting, as would hers, or she desired.  
How *many* thus have waited, hoped, believed,  
To be at last most cruelly deceived !

Her brother, Temple, at her friend's request,  
Upon a pleasure tour some distance West,  
Had his companion been ; and both to-night  
The girl expected home ; and very bright  
The face with which the coming evening train  
Impatiently was waited. But in vain  
The choking bound with which her heart replied  
To that prolonged, shrill shrieking, that implied  
The longed-for train's approach. A well-known step  
At length came up the gravelled walk that swept

From gate to portico, and Pansy rose  
To welcome home her brother. She supposed  
His late companion also had arrived,  
Until she, somewhat later, had contrived  
To carelessly inquire if David came.

"Oh, no!" said Temple: "he in Troy remained,  
Some matters to attend to. He'll be down  
To-morrow, doubtless."

Glancing swiftly 'round  
At her, he then as quickly turned away,  
And hesitatingly went on: "But say!  
Do *you* care anything about the man?  
For if you do, I'm certain that you can  
No longer, when I tell you what he said  
While we were absent."

Pansy dropped her head,  
But made no answer, while with painful dread  
Her heart sank lower still. Had she to fear  
Another cruel crushing of the dear  
And cherished dreamings of her tender heart?  
And could the man she loved a traitor's part  
Have acted, and resolved the fatal blow  
Which should her hope and trust in him lay low,  
To deal himself? He surely could but know



That anything he might to Temple say  
Would he to her repeat without delay.  
She thought with feelings of profound despair,  
"Oh, what new trial have I now to bear?"

But Temple soon continued: "When one eve  
Of you we'd been conversing, he believed,  
He said, that you might easily be won;  
*Too* easily, in fact, for any one  
At all fastidious to e'er aspire  
To such an honor. Though he'd no desire  
To win your hand—he boastingly went on—  
He did not doubt but he to-morrow morn  
Might lead you to the altar, if he chose.  
Nor did he think you better than were those  
Who made much less pretension; that a sham  
Was your religion, and that any man  
Could sway you as he liked."

"And *you* stood by  
And heard your sister thus insulted?"

"I?"

Why, what could *I* do?" Temple made reply.  
"I told him sharply we'd enough of that,  
And were I but a man, he'd take it back."

He only laughed at me, and said : ' 'Tis true!  
And if you *were* a man, what could you do ?'  
'Do ?' I exclaimed ; 'I'd grind you in the dust !  
You would not *dare* insult my sister thus,  
If not aware she'd no one to defend  
Her honor from a vile pretended friend's  
Aspersions, save a boy !' But let him wait  
A year or two, and if I don't mistake,  
He'll get with compound int'rest all his pay !  
Well, after that, of course, I could not stay,  
And so I left when we arrived at Troy.  
That's why I came alone."

Although the boy  
Had spoken angrily, he kept his face  
Averted wholly from his sister's gaze.  
She did not notice it ; and when at last  
She managed, scarcely audibly, to gasp :  
"Well, Temple, that will do ; please go away  
And see mamma ; she wants you, I dare say."  
Without a glance at her the boy obeyed.

The picture of despair poor Pansy looked.  
For while her brother spoke the blood forsook  
Her cheeks and lips, and seemed to lie congealed  
Around her bursting heart ; her lips close-sealed,

Her eyes were wide-dilated, with a stare  
Of utter, pitiful, and blank despair.  
Oh this, she felt, was more than she could bear!  
Insulted, tortured—oh, what *had* she done,  
To be thus cruelly maligned by one  
She'd loved with all her heart? Too well he knew  
That not a word of what he said was true.  
She'd borne a deal of agony before,  
But nothing ever that her heartstrings tore  
Like this. Resentment, anger, all was lost  
In overwhelming anguish.

What had cost  
This fatal love of hers? Her mother's smile,  
Whose loss her home made wretched all the while,  
Her friends' regard, acquaintances' respect,  
Herself much grievous pain, and, harder yet  
To bear, a blow like this, which seemed in twain  
To rend her tortured heart. How foolish, vain,  
Had proved her love and confidence in him;  
How cruelly betrayed her trust had been—  
Betrayed in one fell moment; dashed to earth  
Without an instant's warning!

Little worth

Did life look then to this poor stricken girl,  
But cold, and heartless, utterly, the world.  
The years had brought her nothing but regret  
And grief and disappointment. Why expect  
The future aught beside to have in store?  
In love or friendship she'd believe no more.  
Not even *her* elastic heart could rise  
Above a shock like this. Oh, if her eyes  
She could but close no more to open them,  
Until she stood where griefs and sorrows end,  
Until her feet the stream of Death had crossed,  
And reached the shore where earthly pains are lost.

Hope for the first time seemed entirely dead!  
Who *could* she trust? where lay her weary head  
Save on her Saviour's bosom? He alone  
Was true and tender. Only He had shown  
Compassion for her griefs—had e'er remained  
To all He promised faithful. Ne'er in vain  
Had she to Him for love and comfort gone.  
And He was still her friend. His arm so strong  
And tender still was 'round her to sustain.  
His smile still held a balm to soothe her pain.  
*Was* her religion nothing but a sham?  
What else but that could hushed to *partial* calm

The troubled waters of her tortured soul ?  
What else her bleeding, sinking heart uphold ?  
What would she been without it in the day  
When all her earthly props are torn away,  
Her hopes all dead, and nothing left but that ?

With scarce a change of posture, Pansy sat  
Where Temple left her, till the darkness fell,  
And hid the gentle bosom's troubled swell,  
The strained but tearless eyes, the poor, white cheeks,  
The lips compressed and pale. With falt'ring feet  
And trembling limbs at last she crept upstairs,  
And fought the whole night through with sharp despair.

The morning found her calm, but pale as death.  
Large rings her eyes encircled, and her breath  
Unconsciously was interspersed with sighs,  
Which seemed from her o'erburdened heart to rise  
With each perturbed pulsation. It was sad  
To see the face but yesterday so glad,  
Now bearing marks of such acute distress.  
Each duty was performed with weariness,  
And how the moments dragged, no one could guess.

But when the summer's purple twilight came,  
And with it thundered in the evening train,

Poor Pansy, gazing through the half-shut blind,  
Saw striding by the man she'd deemed so kind;  
So worthy of her tenderness and trust,  
But who had bowed her to the very dust,  
And dealt her loving heart the hardest blow  
It ever had to bear—the tears so slow  
In coming to her outraged heart's relief  
Rushed forth in torrents, as with bitter grief  
She saw the man glance up from time to time  
While passing by, as if in hopes to find  
Some lovely face a welcome smiling there,  
And did not dream what utter, blank despair,  
Was graven on the countenance that bent  
Behind the screening blind—the anguish sent  
By him and him alone. How did he dare  
To look that way with such a smiling stare,  
As if he deemed a greeting waited there!  
How could he show that proud, but treach'rous face  
To her he'd just so grievously outraged!

Or was there some mistake? and she was not  
Herself deceiving in the sudden thought  
That when he failed to find the welcome sought,  
A shade of disappointment overspread  
The smiling face, as he with bended head

Passed slowly onward. No! the man was base,  
Unkind, untrue! His tenderness of face  
And manner, but a treacherous disguise,  
A lure to blind the dazzled, trusting eyes  
Of his confiding victim! She'd believe  
No more in him, who once had thus deceived,  
Insulted, and maligned her. He should see  
That not so easy to be won was she,  
As he had dared to fancy! That her hand  
Could *not* be quickly gained by any man  
Who chose to sue for it.

And yet her heart  
Cried bitterly, "I love him! must we part?  
Oh why, my darling, could you not be true,  
And love your Pansy as she's worshipped you?"  
Then wondered why it was she could not win  
Abiding, true affection! Why had been  
Her fairest hopes all blighted! Was there naught  
About her worthy of the love she sought?  
No winning charm or beauty in her face,  
And in her manner no attractive grace?  
She crossed the room and paused before the glass,  
To seek an answer to the questions asked.

The face and figure of a fair young girl  
Looked back at her, but with dishevelled curls  
The head was crowned, the red and swollen eyes  
Were veiled with blinding tears, whose scarlet dyes  
Were painted on the fair soft cheeks as well,  
While with a constant and tumultuous swell  
The gentle bosom heaved. She turned away,  
Despairingly convinced no witch'ry lay  
In such a picture as the one her gaze  
Then rested on.

And so the weary days  
Passed slowly onward, bringing slight relief  
To Pansy's heart so crushed with troubled grief.  
They had not met as yet! she tried her best  
To him avoid, and with complete success.  
She saw him very frequently pass by—  
With bowed head lately, and averted eye;  
And to herself she was obliged to own  
He looked most wretched, grave and sad had grown!  
She wondered did his course much pleasure bring.

Her friends, the Vernons, had the previous spring  
The place adjoining purchased, and had been  
Some months residing there; when running in



One afternoon, the lady found her friend  
So sad and downcast, she determined then  
To try and ascertain what had of late  
The poor girl troubled so. Nor did it take  
A deal of strong persuasion on her side,  
To lead Miss Pansy in her to confide.

With trembling lip and tone the tale was told ;  
And Mrs. Vernon listened to the whole  
In silence, then replied : " There's some mistake,  
I'm certain, Pansy ! David would not make,  
E'en though he felt them, such remarks of you,  
To any one, much less to one he knew  
Would speedily repeat them. Temple must  
His meaning have mistaken ; and I trust  
You'll find it so ere long. I chance to know  
His sentiments are quite unlike to those !  
He told my husband, many months ago,  
That he had loved you, Pansy, all your life,  
And meant to try and win you for his wife.  
Had never cared for any one but you,  
And that his love was pure as deep and true.  
You say he's ever shown you true respect,  
And can you think that he would take a step

He could but know would shut him from your heart,  
And be the means of causing you to part  
At once, and that forever? You will find  
There's been an error somewhere; and in time  
The wrong will all be righted—soon, my dear,  
I hope and trust. And David, too, I fear  
Is scarcely less unhappy than are you!  
I've often noticed, for a week or two,  
He seemed much vexed and troubled; trust him still!  
You'll find him worthy yet, I'm sure you will!"

When Mrs. Vernon reached her home, she found  
The man was there; and said to him, "Go 'round  
And see Miss Grey! she wants you, I believe;  
You'll find her all alone!"

And taking leave  
At once, her bidding gladly he obeyed.  
On entering he found her fair head laid  
In an abandonment of troubled grief  
Upon her arms, which on the table-leaf  
Were resting carelessly. The drooping form,  
Despairing posture, falling tears, and storm  
Of sobs which shook her bosom, to the warm  
And tender heart of him who loved her, seemed  
Most touchingly pathetic; and with mien

Of troubled sympathy a chair he placed  
Close at her side, and drawing round her waist  
His arm, said tenderly : " Why, Pansy, dear,  
What is it pains you thus ? What mean those tears ?  
Will you not tell the one that loves you best  
What 'tis that causes you so much distress ?  
You know I love you, don't you ? tell me then  
What grieves my darling ! " and his face he bent  
Close to the poor girl's flushed and tear-wet cheek.  
" What is it, love ? " he whispered : " Pansy, speak ! "

She shrank from him, and pushed away his head.  
" Have you so soon forgotten what you said  
Of me to Temple, while you both were gone ?  
And after having been so foully wronged,  
Think you that in your love I could believe,  
Or be again so easily deceived ? "

" Why, Pansy, what is this ? I've said of you  
No word but what I've felt was sweetly true ;  
Said naught to which *you*, even, could object.  
For though 'tis true I scarcely dare expect  
My love for you can ever be returned,  
An honest passion though it may be spurned,

Should cause respect or pity, not offence.  
And though you cannot love me, we may friends  
Be yet, assuredly. Your brother may  
My words misstated ! What did Temple say ? ”

In Pansy's heart a gleam of comfort crept—  
A hope he might prove faithful even yet,  
And all these heavy clouds be swept away,  
Her night of sorrow turned to perfect day.  
His words to her so opposite had been  
To those her brother quoted, as from him  
Proceeding, that there'd surely been mistake,  
She could but feel ; and so began to state  
Exactly what had Temple said.

All through

He heard her, then exclaimed : “ It is not true !  
The whole of it is false from first to last !  
No wonder, love, that you for some time past  
Have thus avoided me. Were I so base,  
Do you suppose I'd dare to show my face  
To one I'd wronged so cruelly ? *Believe,*  
*I never* could my darling thus have grieved !  
When we of you were speaking, late one eve,  
I inadvertently my love betrayed ;  
But saw at once a sad mistake I'd made ;

For Temple grew right angry, and declared  
I should not marry you. I would not dare  
To *think* of you, he said, were he a man,  
And *never* should attempt to win your hand.  
I laughed at him, and asked what he could do.  
'He'd let me know!' he said. He had with you  
Some influence yet, he fancied, and if not,  
His mother had authority, he thought.  
I deemed it probable that he'd attempt  
My visiting his sister to prevent;  
But, though I hardly hoped your hand to win,  
I did not think that you'd be swayed by him.  
But when on my return I failed to see  
My darling at the gate awaiting me,  
And day by day passed slowly on, without  
A sight of her I loved, I did not doubt  
But having heard my wishes, you desired  
To show me I'd presumed, when I aspired  
To win you for my wife. How pained I felt  
At being from your presence thus expelled,  
At having all my cherished hopes prove naught  
But empty dreams, at losing what I sought—  
The only woman e'er I wished to wed,  
The heart for many years I've coveted—

How dark my future seemed at once to grow,  
How bitterly I felt my hope's o'erthrow,  
I'll not attempt to say.

“I cannot tell

When I've not loved you tenderly and well!  
Since first I saw you, then a little girl,  
You've been the dearest object which the world  
Contained for me. And though I never deemed  
You *could* care aught for me, you cannot dream  
What anguish I've endured when I have seen  
My dear one wooed by those I could not doubt  
Would be by her accepted. And without  
A chance of competition for the prize  
Continually before my longing eyes,  
Had calmly to look on and see the palm  
Borne off in triumph by some worthier man.  
And after this, perhaps, dear, you can guess  
What I have not the power to express :  
The joy I felt to have you at my side,  
In those sweet moments of our first, glad ride.  
A joy, too, that increased, day after day,  
Until a few weeks since I went away.  
Oh, tell me, Pansy, you believe me now!  
Nor turn away from me when I avow

I love you madly, sweetly, as my life ;  
My dearest, will you be my loving wife ? ”

He took her hand—nor did the girl resist ;  
And turned the face averted toward his.  
No answer did he need but what was traced  
Most eloquently on that April face.  
Tears gemmed the heavy, drooping lashes still ;  
With crystal drops the violet eyes were filled,  
But smiles were dancing in their purple depths,  
And curving lips that trembled even yet.  
A happy flush was on the tear-wet cheeks,  
Sent thither by her heart's triumphant beat ;  
And over all a witching radiance shone,  
Which happy love could lighted there alone.

A moment did the man who loved her gaze  
Upon the tearful and sunshiny face,  
And then in tones that trembled, he exclaimed :  
“ Oh Pansy ! can it be that not in vain  
My love on you is lavished ? Is it true  
That I at last may hope I'm loved by you,  
My own, my chosen ? Life has nothing more  
To offer—naught beside so sweet in store,

As Pansy's trust and fond affection. Oh!  
What joy it gives to me you cannot know.  
Filled to the jewelled brim's my blessed cup,  
And this dear moment joyfully makes up  
For all the pain and longing of the past.  
And so, my darling, I am loved at last!  
*God bless you, dear!*"

And in his arms he clasped  
The yielding form, and on the smiling lips  
He softly pressed his glad betrothal kiss.  
And Pansy laid her head against his breast,  
With feelings of divine and perfect rest.  
At last she loved—was loved! The semblance sweet  
No longer in her heart did faintly beat,  
But life's grand passion, tender and complete,  
In all its sweetness, purity, and strength,  
Was reigning there triumphantly at length!

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We will not on that first glad hour intrude,  
But let it be a silent interlude  
Between the changeful pæans of the past,  
So sad at times, triumphant at the last,  
And all the melody of time to come,  
Which shall from their united hearts be rung.







## BROKEN DREAMS.



### BOOK NINTH.



"I never thought to know what I have known—  
The rapture, dear, of being loved by you.  
I never thought within my heart to own  
One wish so blest that you should share it too."

OWEN MEREDITH.



"In life's delight, in death's dismay,  
In storm and sunshine, night and day,  
In health, in sickness, in decay,  
Here and hereafter, I am thine."

LONGFELLOW.







# BROKEN DREAMS.

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## Book Ninth.

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IN misty splendor sped the autumn days,  
To those who lingered in the witching maze  
Of love's late-entered paths. New glory crowned  
The mountain-tops, and from the skies bent down,  
And all the summer's dying loveliness  
Seemed blushing in the rosy-tinted dress  
With which a happy love all objects robes.  
Through tribulation had their cherished hopes  
Become at length fulfilled. No shadow dimmed  
The confidence that had through trial been  
Developed, and securely sealed, as deep  
And strong and perfect ; trust, entire and sweet,  
Filled both their hearts.

And thus the autumn passed ;  
The winter fleetly sped, and spring at last  
Awoke the sleeping earth, and gayly dressed  
All Nature with her robes of loveliness  
And garlands of the fairest, sweetest flowers.  
And then poor Pansy sank beneath the power  
Of that dread scourge, diphtheria ! The hours  
So full of pain dragged wearily, until  
The time when she intended to fulfil  
Her plighted vows to him she dearly loved  
At last was nearly reached. Her strength had proved  
Sufficient to her enemy expel,  
Although she still was very far from well.  
Her friends in vain endeavored to induce  
The girl her marriage to defer. No use  
They found were their entreaties. She was still  
Determined, at all hazards, to fulfil  
The terms of their engagement at the time  
Before decided on. The stronger mind  
And will, as ever, triumphed in the end,  
And Pansy had her way in spite of friends.

Fair dawned the bridal morning, late in June,  
Brilliant with sunlight, radiant with bloom

Of countless flowers, which through the shaded rooms  
With every breeze sent breaths of rich perfume.  
And waiting for the coming of the man  
On whom that morning she'd bestow her hand,  
Alone within her room, she stood before  
Her mirror critically looking o'er  
Her handsome trav'ling toilet—in which guise  
She'd leave behind her maidenhood, and rise  
To wifehood's higher duties—here and there  
Adjusting folds or ribbons, with a care  
As grave as it was graceful, while her fair,  
Still ungloved hands, on which the ring of troth  
Was gleaming with a lustre bright and soft,  
Perceptibly were trembling with fatigue,  
So frail was yet her strength. Her fair, soft cheeks  
Were white as was the filmy, costly lace  
Which shaded throat and hands and lovely face.  
Her dress of lavender became her well,  
And gracefully its heavy, rich folds fell  
Around the fragile form. She looked, indeed,  
In no respect less lovely, than when cheeks  
And lips were flushed with rosy health's carmine,  
Which bounded through her veins like ruby wine.

At least so thinks the man that enters now  
With smiling lips, serene and beaming brow,  
And draws within his arms the lovely girl,  
Alike regardless of her flowing curls,  
Her crushing laces, disarranging dress,  
And whispers as her lips his kisses press :  
“ My bride, my Pansy ! blessings on you, dear,  
For giving me the right to hold you here,  
My own, my wife. I never thought to know  
Such happiness as you to-day bestow  
On one whose every heart-beat has for years  
Been only, love, for you ; who finds his fears  
All merged in hope’s fulfilment, sweet, entire,  
And gratified his every fond desire.  
I never thought to know the happiness  
Of holding thus my darling to my breast,  
And knowing all my love to be returned,  
That in her heart an answering passion burns.  
That I’m her chosen out of all the world,  
That all my own is this dear little girl.  
Look up, my Heart’s-ease ! does this hour to you  
Give equal happiness, as deep and true ?  
Kiss me, my wife, and say you love me too.”

He turned her face to his. No vivid bloom  
The fair cheeks wanted then, but dimpled soon  
By saucy smiles that parted roguish lips,  
As she from his embrace adroitly slipped,  
Exclaiming, "Mr. Golden, you've begun  
Too early to command! the deed's not done  
That gives to you the right. I'm Pansy Grey,  
And have not promised yet that I'll obey.  
See how you've disarranged my pretty dress,  
You naughty boy!"

He laughed and nearer pressed,  
But she with hands extended waved him off,  
And though her eyes with love's glad light were soft,  
Severely she continued: "Take that chair,  
And to again approach me do not dare.  
See how you've crushed my laces, mussed my hair,  
And disarranged my ribbons."

"Never mind,"

He laughed, "since I have given, you will find,  
To you as well a most becoming bloom,  
And you can rectify all damage soon."

The bonnet was removed, the shining curls  
Adjusted 'till they satisfied the girl,



The laces smoothed, the ribbons rearranged,  
And here and there a heavy fold was changed,  
And then, her toilet once again complete,  
She sank exhausted in the nearest seat,  
And drawing on her gloves awaited there  
The summons to the parlors to repair.

A half hour later in the rooms below,  
Whose close-shut blinds subdued the golden glow  
Of summer's brightest sunlight, and whose air  
Was heavy with the breath of flowers there  
In sweet profusion scattered, was a small,  
Attentive group, and in the midst of all,  
There stood a manly figure strong and tall,  
With one of girlish lightness at his side ;  
And as he took the fair hand of the bride,  
And placed thereon the circlet that should bind  
The two together through all coming time,  
In bands of perfect love that casts out fear,  
Upon the hushed air, full, and deep, and clear,  
The man's voice rang, as he with head bent low,  
And reverential manner, soft and slow  
Repeated: " With this ring I wed thee now,  
With all my worldly goods I thee endow,  
Through Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen ! "

They knelt ! The man of God commended them  
To his great Master's kind, protecting care,  
And prayed that blessings on them he'd not spare.

Then rising, came the solemn last command :  
" What God hath joined together, let no man  
Asunder part." " I name thee man and wife !"  
And they were one for all their future life.

As David turned to seal his marriage vows,  
He whispered low : " The deed's accomplished now,  
And you no longer are Miss Pansy Grey.  
You've promised, love, *your husband* to obey,  
And thus I seal my rights ! "

He turned away,  
Congratulations followed. Mrs. Grey,  
Still nursing her displeasure, coldly kissed  
The trembling lips her daughter gave, and wished  
With formal coolness that she might have joy.  
Poor Pansy's pleasure dimmed, and she employed  
Her utmost force of will her tears to check,  
And not to heed the bitter pain which swept  
All through her loving heart, and in an hour  
When happiness should been the ruling power.

The carriage soon appeared, and side by side  
Were seated speedily the groom and bride.  
The horses bounded off 'mid laughing cheers  
And gay farewells, and smiles, a few bright tears,  
And thus together, they two, hand in hand,  
Their wedded pilgrimage of life began.





## BROKEN DREAMS.



### BOOK TENTH.



"God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly  
What He hath given:  
They live on earth in thought and deed as truly  
As in His heaven.

J. G. WHITTIER.



"Then happy those—since each must drain  
His share of pleasure, share of pain—  
Then happy those beloved of Heaven,  
To whom the mingled cup is given,  
Whose lenient sorrows find relief,  
Whose joys are chastened by their griefs."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.







# BROKEN DREAMS.

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## Book Tenth.

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A WEEK passed on ! and late one afternoon,  
A carriage reached the gate, and Pansy soon  
Was in her mother's arms. Their bridal tour  
To where our country's pride, Niagara, showers  
Its seething waters o'er the massive rocks  
Far down the dizzy height, was quickly stopped  
At one day's journey's end, by Pansy's strength  
Becoming still more frail; and they, at length,  
Of her ability to carry out  
Their pleasant plans and wishes, having doubt,  
Their faces homeward turned. And thus her dreams  
Which erst so sure of glad fulfilment seemed,

Again were broken, and she reached her home  
With faltering step, white cheeks, and frequent moan  
Of irritating pain. She should have known  
Her strength was not sufficient to endure  
So much exertion as would be insured  
By wedding preparations, and the tour  
Of many days' duration. For a time,  
Excitement and her strength of will and mind  
Sustained her ; but when once the deed was done  
Which made herself and him she loved both one,  
The tension of her mind and nerves relaxed,  
And all her former weakness rushing back,  
Again prostrated her.

The summer long,  
The dire disease still held her in his strong,  
Relentless grasp. And Pansy came to be  
A shadow of her former self: but she,  
Or day or night no care or tenderness  
That watchful love could offer or suggest,  
E'er wanted: while she thanked the gracious Power  
That gave her such a friend, and in an hour  
When most she needed care that only one  
Who loved her could bestow. What she'd have done

Without her husband's arm on which to rest,  
Without his kind and careful tenderness,  
I do not know! She must have suffered much  
For want of loving watchfulness, and such  
Attentions as her state of health required,  
And which were given by one who'd long desired  
No higher earthly blessing than the right  
To shield his love through all the storms that might  
Hereafter beat on her defenceless head.

That right at last was his ; a few words said  
One golden morning in the month of June,  
Had given him the precious, longed-for boon  
Of cherishing in sickness or in health,  
Through storm or sunshine, poverty or wealth,  
This tender object of a life-long love,  
Begun on earth, but sealed in Heaven above.

The trust he sought, and now at length possessed,  
Was guarded with the utmost tenderness,  
And care untiring, love that never dimmed,  
That grew more strong and perfect, as within  
His tender arms he held the fragile form,  
And gazing on the lovely face so wan,  
The cheeks so thin, the large, dark-circled eyes,  
He felt his hold upon the precious prize



That he'd so lately won, was, oh, so slight,  
That in that life so frail dwelt all the light  
And joy and happiness of *his* poor life,  
Which would to him be worthless if deprived  
Of this one priceless treasure.

He'd not learned

To look above in trial; or to turn  
To One for comfort who will ne'er deny  
To poor weak-hearted mortals, who apply  
To Him for solace in the time of grief,  
The truest, sweetest, most entire relief.

But God was merciful! and when the snows  
Of Winter wrapped the earth in glist'ning robes  
Of bridal whiteness, to her cheeks the glow  
Of coy, reluctant health again returned,  
Within her veins the pulse of new life burned,  
Her eye its pristine brightness soon regained,  
And round and full her wasted form became.

Her mother still her strong dislike retained  
To Pansy's choice in wedding; and contrived  
The sweet initial year of married life  
To render one with stern discomfort rife,

And many pangs of pain, to say the least.  
By showing Pansy she was much displeased  
Not only at her marriage to the man  
On whom she'd chosen to bestow her hand  
In contradiction to *her* strong desire  
And opposition, but, with all the ire  
And want of reason which, in invalids  
Like her, is frequently exhibited,  
At Pansy's illness also, which deprived  
Her mother of the loving care her life  
Of helpless pain had never missed before.  
And thus, day after day, her child bent o'er  
The sufferer's couch with uncomplaining care,  
Although the trembling limbs, and weary air,  
Betrayed how quite unfit she was to bear  
The arduous task of nursing, the fatigue  
Of ministering to the constant needs  
Of one so fretful and capricious too,  
As was at times the invalid, and who  
'Twas often quite impossible to please,  
Try as she might to humor each caprice.

Her mother's anger greatly troubled her,  
Yet even that had not the pow'r to stir

Her heart with grief and such indignant pain  
As did the manner Mrs. Grey maintained  
To Pansy's husband ever—which became  
Repellent and insulting scarcely less,  
As time passed on, and caused intense distress  
To one who loved them both so passing well.  
But David's fine, sweet temper never held  
Resentment for a moment at the way  
In which he'd e'er been used by Mrs. Grey,  
And gladly aught that in his power lay  
To ease or soothe the weary invalid,  
And to her comfort minister, he did.

And Pansy's brother, Temple, for a time  
Was no less insolent, no less unkind,  
Than was his mother. Thus another source  
Of strong annoyance ruffled all the course  
Of Pansy's early days of married life;  
And speedily she found that when a wife  
She had become, she did not leave behind  
All vexing cares, all troubles of the mind  
Or heart, however sweetly she reposed  
In consciousness of love; however close  
The tender husband arms might clasp her 'round;  
However true and perfect were the bounds

Of their now rounded lives, this troublous world  
Still many a night-shade wreath of pain held curled  
Beneath its wings of brightness. Not a joy  
So perfect but it held some base alloy  
Of past or future grief, and not a dream  
So lovely but it had some gloomy scene.

---

Two years had passed! and in a darkened room  
To faintness filled with heavy, rich perfume,  
One morn of beauty, late in blooming June,  
Upon a low white couch a lady lay,  
With eye as bright as was the sunny day,  
And smile of happy sweetness on her lips,  
Although the lily-cups that stoop to kiss  
Their lowlier neighbors with a royal air  
Of condescension, not more white and fair  
Were ever than the snowy cheeks that pressed  
The lace-trimmed pillow, as, with sighs of rest  
And sweet contentment, to her throbbing breast  
She clasped the tiny mite of human life  
Which rested on her arm, and had contrived,  
Thus early to absorb within its form  
So tiny, fragile, rosy, soft, and warm,

Much of that wondrous, pow'rful mother-love,  
Intense, unselfish, pure and sweet, above  
All other earthly passions. Love that comes  
Unbidden, with the first faint breath of one  
Our heavenly Father gives us but through pain—  
But lends us for a little time, again  
To call that sentient part we name the "*Soul*,"  
Back to its native home, where waits the whole  
Of its immortal kindred to receive  
The wand'ring spirit back with welcome sweet.]

As Pansy Golden on her couch reposed,  
And held her tiny baby-treasure close,  
Although so lately had the birdling come  
To add sweet childhood's charm to their dear home,  
The mother-love, so potent and complete,  
Through all her feeble pulses strongly beat.  
And when her husband, entering the door,  
And softly stepping to her side, bent o'er  
His happy wife with beaming tenderness,  
And on her lips love's sweetest kisses pressed,  
She said: "Oh David, have you seen your boy?  
Is he not lovely!" and with mother-joy  
She folded back the blankets richly wrought,  
Displaying thus a rosy face she thought

Of baby beauty the perfection quite.  
And David, with a more subdued delight,  
But no less deep and perfect, gently raised  
The tiny morsel from his wife's embrace,  
And on the wrinkled, pink-hued, velvet face,  
Of this, their one sweet pledge of wedded love,  
This lovely blossom sent from Heaven above,  
His first parental kisses softly pressed,  
Then laid it back upon its mother's breast,  
And felt that life another charm possessed,  
That *his* fair wife was loveliest and best,  
His child the sweetest babe that ever blest  
A father's heart with deep and thankful joy.

As time passed on and fairer grew the boy,  
So wonderful a child was never seen!  
No baby eyes e'er shone with such a gleam  
Of roguish radiance, no baby lips  
So soft and sweet and pure were ever kissed,  
No infant limbs were e'er so round and white,  
No laugh was e'er so gleeful, face so bright,  
No baby ways so witching, roguish, sweet,  
Ne'er were such dainty hands, such dimpled feet,  
As had this infant king, who with a way  
Despotic as an Eastern monarch's sway,

Ruled every member of that household band,  
Who but obeyed too gladly each command  
Of such a worshipped ruler.

      'Twas a sight  
Of charming loveliness to see the bright  
And beauteous boy held close within the arms  
Of one to whom her motherhood new charms  
Imparted, while with happy, smiling face,  
And attitude of sweet, unconscious grace,  
She gayly sported with her mirthful boy,  
Whose baby laugh, so sweet, and full of joy,  
Rang blithely out in ripples soft and clear,  
Echoed by one which on the list'ning ear  
Fell scarcely less bewitchingly and sweet,  
And spoke of joy as innocent as deep.

What fairer sight was e'er to mortal eyes  
Presented! And in vain the artist tries  
With all the skill of which he is possessed  
To leave the picture on his canvas pressed:  
In vain the sculptor from his marble block  
Attempts with master art to chisel what  
No tool or pencil can do justice to.  
How, then, can I expect to give to you,







My reader, with my own unskilful pen,  
What many of our noblest, greatest men  
Have ever failed in efforts to portray.  
But all of you have seen, day after day,  
A fair madonna and her lovely babe,  
And know how sweet a picture thus was made.  
Look on the fairest lady that you know,  
As o'er her infant she is bending low,  
And see a sculptured group, by hand Divine  
Carved grandly out—of which these words of mine  
Are but a worthless copy, small and rough,  
And with a hand unskilful rudely cut.

---

Time swiftly sped 'till six months more were gone !  
The summer vanished, and the wintry storms  
Had shaken from the clouded, weeping sky,  
A shower of frozen tear-drops, piling high  
The crystal mites above the gloomy tomb  
Of all the year's dead beauty.

In a room  
Whose curtains closely drawn shut out the light,  
Upon a couch all draped in snowy white,  
A figure lay, as still as if the breath  
Had ceased to flutter, and the Angel Death

Who now stood tiptoe near the low, white bed,  
Had on the lady's haughty, handsome head  
His heavy hand of ice already placed,  
And set his marble seal upon the face  
E'en in its rigid stillness, lovely yet.  
Closed were the fine large eyes of lustrous jet,  
And on the ashen cheeks the lashes lay  
Without a tremor—lips to ghastly gray  
Were paling rapidly beneath the taint  
Of coming death—each respiration faint  
And fainter grew, while near and nearer pressed  
The shad'wy form of their unwelcome guest.  
That ghastly presence whose mysterious chill  
Strikes every soul with dread, that seems to fill  
Each nook and corner of a dwelling-place  
He once has entered, leaving there a trace  
Of mystic horror, few can e'er resist,  
Explain, or conquer.

Logic to assist

The mind to rise above this nameless fear,  
We summon but in vain—it still is here,  
However Reason argue. All in vain  
She shows to us our folly, and explains

The pure impossibility that harm  
Should come to us from one whom Death disarms  
Of all his former power. In vain inquires  
Why one we dearly loved in life inspires  
Such shrinking dread when but the pulseless form  
Remains of what but lately was so warm  
With bounding, throbbing life. For while we own  
Our fear is causeless, and perhaps bemoan  
Our weakness thus to yield to such a dread,  
When night comes on with gloomy, stealthy tread,  
Back comes the ghostly terror, and in spite  
Of Reason's sophistry, which in the light  
Of golden day so plausible had seemed,  
Our courage all has vanished like a dream  
From which we're rudely 'wakened, and the scene  
Where Death is, or has been, is visited  
With furtive glance, with trembling limbs and tread,  
And heart with hushed pulsations.

Few, I think,  
So brave in spirit are as ne'er to shrink  
With horror from the presence of the dead.  
All more or less have felt the nameless dread,  
For all within their natures have a vein  
Of human superstition.

It is plain

We often fear what we can ne'er explain ;  
And therefore 'tis the mystery, I think,  
Attending our departure from the brink  
Of Time to vast Eternity—whose shore  
Is never seen till we've been paddled o'er  
The stream of Death—that causes us to fear  
The supernatural Presence ling'ring here,  
The fact we're powerless to penetrate  
Beyond the confines of this human state,  
The mystic veil which from our finite sight  
Hides the departing soul's triumphant flight,  
The dark, mysterious way our loved one trod,  
When flitted back the spirit to his God.

And so poor Pansy's mother, Mrs. Grey,  
Lay silent on her couch, while ebb'd away  
The flick'ring pulse of life. Disease for long  
Had held in his embraces, stern and strong,  
This poor frail human frame. This fearful strife  
Between the potent powers of Death and Life  
Had been both long and sharp ; but Death at last  
The life-camp's outposts had in triumph passed,  
And now as conqueror his fallen foe  
He grimly bent above, the fatal blow

Delaying but a moment, while he held  
The manacles of ice with which to quell  
His enemy's resistance, and to guard  
The feeble, vanquished captive, while his barque  
Should bear them rapidly across the stream,  
So dark if 'twere not for the golden gleam  
Of light that glimmers through the pearly gates  
Of God's celestial Kingdom, where awaits  
A welcome for the prisoners of Death,  
If they can say ere fails the falt'ring breath,  
"I trust in Jesus, who for me has died,  
In Him, my Counsellor, Redeemer, Guide."

Thus could His present captive truly say,  
While lips grew pale and pulses ebbed away.  
Her Saviour's arm through many a weary day  
Of untold agony had been her stay ;  
But, though for many years within her heart  
The Christian's hope she'd cherished, 'till a part  
Of life and being it had long become,  
And though more racking pain not many an one  
Have suffered and endured, and though her life  
Appeared to be of all its charms deprived,  
And but one long, long day of weary pain  
Which fretted nerves, and racked the poor, frail frame,

Depriving it of all volition, still  
She clung to life, with all her force of will  
Determined never to give up the field  
Or to her enemy so potent yield,  
Until by force her strength was overcome,  
And she compelled as pris'ner to succumb  
And own that Death was conqueror. At length  
Her feeble frame's resistance all was spent,  
And o'er her Death was grimly bending now,  
His icy breath already fanned her brow,  
Her feet already touched the chilling waves  
Of Jordan's stream, whose cold, cold waters laved  
The shore of Time where faintly lingered yet  
The poor, reluctant spirit.

Round her bed  
Were gathered all the treasured ones of earth,  
Her precious household jewels, at whose birth  
Her mother-heart had leaped with perfect joy—  
Her weeping daughter and her one proud boy,  
And he, that other now acknowledged son,  
Whose kindly care and tenderness had won  
The prejudiced, proud heart, whose manly strength  
Had in her service been so freely spent,

Whose strong and tender arms the poor racked frame  
Had lifted oft so carefully no pain  
The dreaded motion followed—he was there,  
And bending o'er his stricken wife's low chair,  
He whispered words of comfort in the ear  
Of her whose heart seemed bursting with the drear  
Bereavement it was called upon to bear,  
That fearful anguish which can be compared  
To none beside : a grief which stands alone,  
And though to many hearts there may be known  
Much deeper, sharper sorrow, fiercer pain,  
And agony intenser in the main,  
Than death could bring to them, they're all unlike  
That fearful grief of watching by the side  
Of one we dearly love, and knowing well  
We're impotent to stem the rising swell  
Of Jordan's tide, which speedily shall bear  
Our treasures far beyond our loving care,  
Beyond our longing reach, our straining sight,  
To realms of blessedness and pure delight,  
Where they will wait our coming.

That, indeed,  
To hearts that with such grievous sorrow bleed,



Is all the healing balm that can be given—  
The thought that in our Saviour's glorious Heaven,  
So fair, no mortal heart has e'er conceived  
The beauty that adorns the golden streets,  
They watch and wait for us—that in that home  
No care or pain or sorrow e'er can come,  
That there our loved ones may forever rest,  
Safe, blessed, holy, on their Saviour's breast.

Life *many* bitter pains and sorrows hath  
In store for those who thread its thorny paths,  
And each one seemeth to our poor weak hearts  
To hold the sharpest woe, the fiercest smart.  
We madly love, and find it all in vain,  
Unknown and unreturned, and deem the pain,  
The aggravating grief such knowledge gives,  
The hardest one can e'er endure and live.  
Again, we find our confidence betrayed,  
Our loved ones false, our hopes a failure made,  
And turn away with hearts all wounded, sore,  
From life that holds such grievous stabs in store.  
Or else a child—a brother—we believed  
The soul of truth and honor, has deceived,  
Dishonored, and disgraced us. In despair  
We feel this blow the hardest one to bear

That life could offer us ; and wildly cry,  
" Oh, God, have pity on me, let me die !  
Oh, would my idol Thou had'st snatched away  
When on his fair, soft cheek the roses lay  
Of infant beauty ; when his baby heart  
Was pure and innocent in every part ;  
Ere life had shown him what it was to sin,  
And paths of worldly folly drawn him in ;  
Then had my soul been spared this bitter woe.  
Oh, life is worthless ; Father, let me go ! "

If none of these, then Death, perchance, steps in,  
And beckons one that to our hearts has been  
The dearest object all the earth contained.  
His bidding is obeyed ; for ne'er in vain  
Doth he for mortals call. And though we fain  
In arms of love our dear ones would retain,  
However passionate and close our hold,  
We feel the tender frame grow pulseless, cold,  
The breath ebb swiftly out, until at last  
When we release them from our eager clasp,  
We find our loving hold was but in vain,  
The gem is gone, and nothing now remains  
Except the lovely casket. This to us  
Seems grief without equality.

And thus

We see each trial has its own amount  
Of agonizing grief, and which we count  
The sharpest life could bear us. Therefore who  
Presumes to say, "The pain that comes to you  
Is nothing when compared to grief like mine"?  
We cannot tell! So versatile are minds  
That what to me would be life's sorest woe,  
And crush my heart and lay my courage low,  
To you, perhaps, would be the lightest blow  
The chast'ning rod of Jesus could inflict.  
And likewise, what might greatly you afflict,  
And bow your head as in the very dust,  
To me might seem a trifling grievance.

Thus,

Poor Pansy holding her unconscious boy,  
Unheeding all his wiles, his baby joy,  
Supported by the tender, manly arm  
Encircling her, whose clasp, so close and warm,  
Expresses all the sympathy that beats  
Within his loving heart—with anguish weeps  
Above the silent form whose failing breath  
She watches close, till on the breast of Death

The last faint respiration flutt'ring dies,  
And 'neath his kisses close the weary eyes.

Oh, who can tell how lonely seem the rooms  
Where lately Death has spread his robes of gloom!  
How dark the silent corridors, whose floors  
Shall echo to the loved one's tread no more;  
How desolate the chambers seem wherein  
The loved, familiar form so long had been;  
How sad the vacant chair, the empty bed,  
How all things seem repeating "dead! dead! DEAD!"

---

And time still glides along! Six months have passed  
Since Pansy Golden, weeping, looked her last  
Upon her mother's pulseless form and face,  
When Jesus called her home, and left her place  
Unfilled and desolate, and she again  
Attempts in vain the tide of grief to stem,  
Which tries at every step to overwhelm  
Her poor, frail life-barque on the sea of Time,  
Which seems so many hidden reefs to find  
Beneath the crested waves that looked so blue:  
Again in agony is wading through

The deep, deep waters of affliction sore,  
And with a breaking heart is bending o'er  
The fairy couch where lies her infant boy,  
His dark eyes closed, his rippling laugh of joy  
To silence hushed; while through the purple lips  
Which give no answer to the anguished kiss  
Thereon impressed, a faint, low moan of pain,  
That seems to rend the mother's heart in twain,  
Is issuing momentarily.

“ Oh God,” she prays,  
With whitened lips and anguished, tear-wet face,  
“ I cannot give him up ! oh, spare my boy,  
My one wee lamb, my comfort, treasure, joy !  
Thy heaven is full of cherubs like to mine,  
Oh, spare my idol for a little time !  
Close not his perfect lips with Death's cold seal,  
Nor from his dainty limbs the life-pulse steal !  
I *cannot* part with him ! oh God, I pray,  
Be merciful ; in mercy turn away  
The arrows of Thy wrath. This crowning woe  
Is more than I can bear ! oh, *must* he go,  
My baby, treasure, pet ? ”

But vain her prayers,  
Her wild entreaties that her God would spare

This lamb to arms of yearning mother-love,  
This flower but lent to her by One above,  
Who now desired her blossom to transplant  
Within the Heavenly Gardens, where by hands  
Divine it should be tended, kept away  
From all the guile of earth, until the day  
When she should enter through the pearly gates,  
And in the flow'ry crown which there awaits,  
Behold her lovely blossom glorified,  
And with a Heavenly beauty richly dyed.

But while she watched her baby's cheek grow pale,  
She could not look beyond the heavy veil  
Of sullen gloom that settled o'er her head,  
As once again she saw a shadow dread  
Creep o'er their happy threshold. Could not see  
That what to her would fearful anguish be,  
To him, her baby treasure, would be gain,  
And freedom from all earthly sin and pain,  
'Till in her heart a whisper soft and low,  
Hushed the rebellious waves of grievous woe,  
And while she listened came the tender tones  
Of Him who had for her on Calvary groaned :

“Oh hush, My child ! ’Tis not in *wrath* I send  
This sorrow to thy heart ! In love I bend  
The bow which sends the fatal arrow home,  
And wounding thee, but gives me back My own.  
I only gather in My tender arms  
The lamb thou’rt impotent to shield from harm ;  
But bear thy treasure on before, a time,  
Where, when I call thee also, thou shalt find  
Awaiting thee within thy mansion fair—  
By One who loves and died for thee, prepared,  
Which I have bought by suff’rings like to thine—  
Thy precious babe, whose lovely face shall shine  
With heav’nly radiance, as he welcomes home  
No more to sin, to grieve, no more to roam,  
The loving ones of earth. Oh, think, my child,  
Of all the earthly stains, the sorrow wild,  
The cares and troubles of this mortal life,  
From which thy boy’ll be shielded. Think what I’ve  
For thee endured ! and canst thou not give up  
For me this one bright jewel ? Take the cup,  
And drink submissively, and thou shalt find  
That when thou’st quaffed the froth of bitter wine,  
The dregs are sweet as nectar. Trust my love,  
And when thou’st gained thy better home above,

Thou'lt find thy griefs are blessings in disguise,  
And sent by One all-loving as all-wise."

The stricken soul still wailed, but not in waves  
Rebellious did the troubled waters rave.  
Tears coursed in silence down the poor, pale cheeks,  
And words of love the mother-lips did speak,  
In trembling tones were uttered. Vast and deep  
The anguish was which raged within the heart  
Compelled to with its dearest treasure part,  
And high it swelled as she her wounded bird—  
Whose wings were drooping with a mortal hurt,  
Within whose tender breast the shaft of Death  
Was buried deep, whose faint and flutt'ring breath  
Came but in gasps—held tight within the arms  
Of mother-love, whose pressure, close and warm,  
Must soon relax, and yield the precious dove  
To clasp more fond than that of human love,  
Must lay her baby on the breast of God,  
And kiss submissively His chast'ning rod.

And so with tears and groans and anguished grief  
She saw her blossom fade, whose life so brief  
Had shed such fragrance through her happy home,  
Since from her Father's hand the gift had come.



Saw slowly dim the little lamp of life,  
Whose shining had with so much joy been rife,—  
And held at last the lovely cage alone,  
From which her birdie had forever flown—  
The lovely semblance of her precious boy,  
Whose pure, sweet soul through realms of endless joy  
Was gladly bounding;—held the casket fair,  
From which the priceless jewel, lately there,  
Was lost forever, to be found above,  
Set in the breastplate of a Saviour's love.

Oh, what a mystery is life and death!  
The thinking soul, the flowing, ebbing breath;  
That mystic moiety of the Father's heart,  
Which He for just a little time imparts  
To these poor human caskets, frail and thin,  
To prove our close relationship with Him,  
And who anon will welcome us within  
The gleaming gates of *home*, where we shall find  
Ourselves in arms of Father love divine,  
The while our Elder Brother, standing by,  
With yearning smile and tender, loving eye,  
Speaks *His* glad greeting to the welcome one,  
Long absent, but at last arrived at home.

'Twill not be long before we all are there !  
Those soonest called most rarely favored are.  
Oh, how unstained and pure we should attempt  
To keep these jewels that are only lent,  
That when our Father calls for their return,  
They may not be from Him with anger spurned,  
In consequence of being all defaced  
With nicks of sin that nothing can erase.

So Pansy turned another bitter leaf  
Within her book of life ! The thorny wreath  
That crowned and often pierced her woman's brow,  
With one more prickly stem was bristling now ;  
And sore at heart, with aching, tear-wet eyes,  
With bitter moan, and sharp, convulsive sighs,  
She saw her latest idol snatched away,  
While all her dreams in mournful ruins lay.

---

One scene of beauty ere we bid adieu  
To those whom sun and shade we've followed through,  
For many changeful years.

Five times the shroud  
Of stern old Winter, in a snowy cloud,

Has wrapped the dead brown earth ; five times the gleam  
Of glowing Summer, with a purple sheen,  
Has lingered on the hill-tops, when, one day  
Late in September, beautiful and gay,  
We enter David Golden's handsome grounds,  
For one last ling'ring look. A glance around,  
And near an arbor hung with green festoons,  
And decked with luscious grapes whose purple bloom  
Glows richly when relieved by trellis white,  
And wreaths of lustrous green the shifting light  
With varied shading tints, a merry group  
Our eyes behold.

From lofty ladder stoops  
A tall, broad-shouldered man, with happy face,  
With smiling lips, and eyes that hold no trace,  
In this glad moment, of a long-past pain,  
A grief that near his heart for years had lain ;  
While on the ground, within the arbor door,  
Whose rustic arch with trailing vines 'wreathed o'er  
A fitting frame for such a picture forms,  
A lady stands, whose damask cheek is warm  
With happy flushes, and whose violet eyes  
Are scarcely rivalled by the purple dyes

That stain the clustered fruit above her head,  
Whose laughing lips with health's sweet flush are red,  
Whose flowing robes of white which sweep the ground  
Betray the form has grown more full and round,  
While from her arms a two-year baby girl,  
The lady's counterpart in flowing curls,  
In sunny smile, soft eyes, and peach-bloom cheeks,  
With merry glee her dimpled hands up-reach  
To grasp the ripened clusters which, with smiles,  
The happy father tosses down the while.

A pretty picture! shifting light and shade,  
A leafy background, rustic frame o'erlaid  
With fruited, drooping vines, the lovely child  
In dainty robes, with glee and laughter wild,  
The graceful mother with her noble face  
Whereon her lovely life has left sweet trace,  
And rounded form full of unconscious grace,  
Each looking up to meet the tender eyes  
Of him whose love completes their rounded lives,  
And over all the radiance soft and bright,  
Of Heaven's own unrivalled, brilliant light.

We'll leave them there! Life still may have in store,  
Perchance, of "broken dreams," a many more;

For scarce a year but holds some record dark  
Of days of sorrow, disappointments sharp,  
To every sensitive, frail human heart.  
But while in arms of love divine secure,  
Their happiness, come weal or woe, is sure.  
And thus we leave them in the hands of One  
Who leads us "onward, upward," to our home.





## L' ENVOI.

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My reader, if in efforts to portray  
The life I've held in view from day to day,  
I've had success sufficient to retain  
Your interest to the end, I now would fain  
In closing say to you, no fancy sketch  
This story is, I faintly thus have etched,  
But in its outline is the life of one  
I deem the sweetest woman I have known,  
Whose lovely life and person have inspired  
With admiration one who has desired  
No task more pleasant than with what poor skill  
She may possess, these outlines brief to fill  
With incident and feeling, which, supplied  
Alone by fancy, should not once imply

A thought of aught save rev'rent, tender love  
For one gone home to God—called up above  
When in the bloom of youthful wedded life,  
A loving mother and a happy wife ;  
And leaving all her earthly loves behind,  
Went “ onward, upward,” purer joys to find,  
Where waiting for her coming was a band  
Of loved ones gone before to that bright land—  
Her mother, father, friends, and cherished child,  
Her God's approval, and her Saviour's smile.

**FINIS.**





